

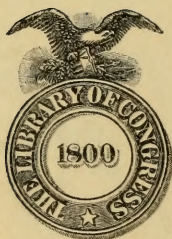
SOME  
BIG GAME  
HUNTS



BY A. H. CORDIER, M. D.



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*My Game Warden Ram.*



# Some Big Game Hunts

By

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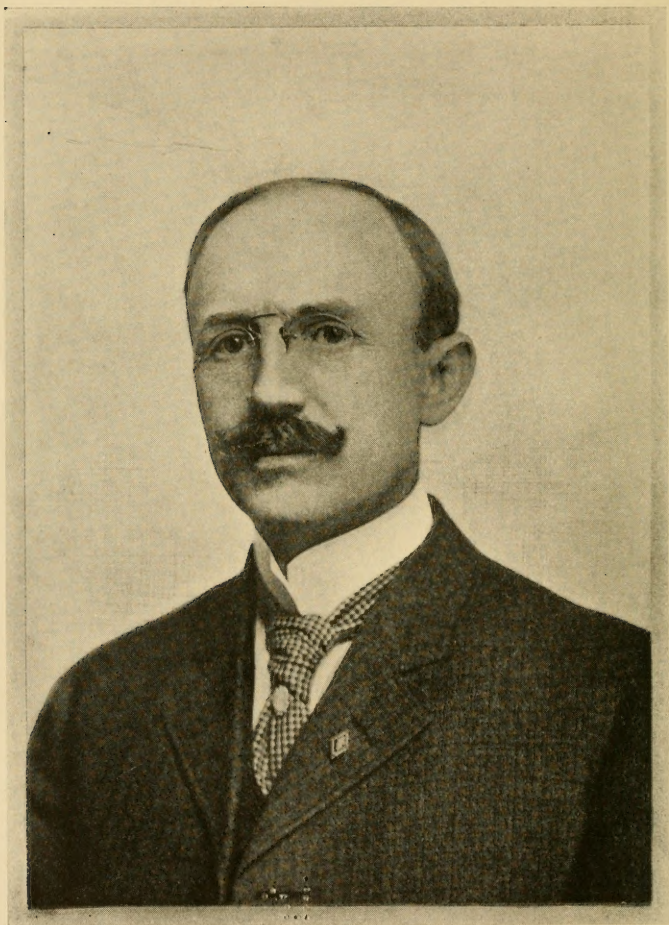
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Kansas City, Missouri

1911

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Yours Truly,  
A. H. Gordier, M. D.



To  
ALLIE G. CORDIER,  
MY WIFE,  
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED.

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NO. 1



## PREFACE

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If an apology were necessary for writing this book on **SOME BIG GAME HUNTS** when so many works on the same subject have already been published, my excuse would be: a desire to call the attention of my brother physicians and others to the necessity of taking an annual outing away from the busy strife going on about them while at home, and to the value received from such a vacation.

I know of nothing that stays the hour-hand of time more than trips such as herein described. It is not necessary to be a naturalist to enjoy these outings. If you have trained your power of seeing things you look at and know the difference between fur and feathers, skin and scales, you will see many things to interest you. There is much to enjoy while hunting besides the actual killing of big game.

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“And this our lives exempt from public haunts finds  
tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in  
stones, good in everything.”

---

Kansas City, Missouri.

A. H. CORDIER, M. D.

1911.

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## CHAPTER I.

### SELECTION OF LOCALITY FOR THE HUNT, CLOTHING, GUNS, PROVISIONS, GUIDES, HUNTING COMPANION AND OTHER EQUIPMENT.

THE selection of a locality for a successful big game hunt is a matter of no little magnitude, and much discretion and time are often necessary to complete the arrangements. Especially is this true if the hunter lives a long distance from the secluded haunts of the game he is going after.

Railway guide books and sporting house catalogues cannot always be relied upon. Articles in sporting magazines, while usually authentic, are often misleading, because they do not tell of the failures, disasters, drawbacks and difficulties of the trip. Details such as the prospective hunter would like to know are only too often omitted. This applies to the veteran as well as to the tenderfoot, for the reason that in all localities the climatic, topographical and many other features peculiar to that locality vary and the hunter should go prepared to meet each in its turn.

In this chapter I trust that the experienced hunter will appreciate my endeavors, and that the tenderfoot will properly value the suggestions made, for experience is often an expensive and a disappointing teacher.

I have hunted big game for many seasons in a territory the boundary of which extends from the cane brake slough flats of Southern Mississippi to the cranberry lake swamps of Northern Minnesota and from the muskeg and caribou moss covered heaths of New Brunswick to the volcanic, desolate, crumbling peaks of Central British Columbia and the tide-ripped shores of Alaska and Kodiak Island. I have found on these trips all kinds of game, from the chipmunk to the grizzly bear, from the snow shoe rabbit to the moose, mountain sheep, goat, antelope, caribou, elk, Kodiak brown bear and deer.

My guides, while not extensive in variety, have been varied enough to warrant me in saying that, as a rule, these diamonds in the rough are jewels of rare worth. However, I have had some experiences with guides that the less said the better for the reputation of the good and faithful majority of these whole-souled fellows. Guides have troubles of their own with some of the so-called sportsmen; but that is another story.

How will you select the locality for your next big game hunt? I would advise you to make up your mind several months in advance, that you are certainly going to take a hunt and then decide upon the kind of game that you want to go after. There are some localities where a variety of game can be found within a small radius, but do not expect to find antelope grazing above timber line in the center of a broad mountain

range, or big horns on some little knoll out in a broad expanse of prairie.

These remarks may sound very elementary, but my dear reader, please remember that a large number who go out in quest of big game for the first time are men who have been cooped up in their offices for years, and do not know the peculiarities or natural traits of the game they propose hunting. To such, I would advise the purchase and careful study of good books on natural history, and above all, take two or more sporting magazines and read them carefully at your leisure hours. Without a knowledge gained from such sources, the amateur hunter will fail to get the full value of his vacation, for I assure you there are many things to be enjoyed on trips of this kind, besides shooting the game you may see.

Having fully determined that you are going to hunt big game, scan carefully the best sporting magazines for truthfully written articles by those who have made similar trips. If the editors are true sportsmen, such as our good friends, Mr. McGuire of *Outdoor Life* and others, I am sure, if you write them, they will be only too glad to refer you to sources where you may obtain all the information necessary.

Having decided on the locality and selected your guide, begin several weeks in advance to get your equipment together, and about two weeks before you start see how much of the "unnecessaries" you can take out of the outfit. I find, as a rule, that the beginner is too



much disposed to take along all his birthday and Christmas hunting presents which are good for little else than to decorate the walls of his den. It is less expensive and not so burdensome to leave these at home and there show them to your circle of immediate friends. The guides have seen them all many times before.

I would advise that you take only one hunting partner, and if you are not a physician, get one to go with you as your hunting companion. There is ever an ele-



*An individual floored tent is a valuable aid to one's camp comfort.*

ment of danger from accidents on these trips and otherwise you may be a long way from medical aid in a time of need. If you are a physician take a few essentials with you. That "necessity is the mother of invention" is exemplified on many occasions during a hunting trip.

If you are of scientific turn of mind, take an aneroid and a thermometer—you can buy a good pocket aneroid for twenty dollars and a thermometer for one dollar; also take along a good tape measure, a compass, a pair of scales and a camera—three and one-fourth by five and one-fourth being a good size. This whole outfit will weigh less than three pounds and need not be carried with you all the time while hunting.

You will sleep more homelike in a little wedge tent, five by seven feet and seven feet high. It should be canvass floored, to keep out insects and reptiles, if you should be in a snake country. This tent will not weigh more than twelve pounds, can be carried in an ordinary grain sack and will cost you about twelve dollars. A sleeping bag with three woolen sack blankets will be needed to keep you warm in very cold weather, and to this outfit I would add a strip of rubber cloth—both sides rubber covered—six by twelve feet, to keep out the cold and rain and retain the heat of the body in the sack.

The necessary clothing should be woolen and light and the shoes ought to be of light weight material with good soles. Do not burden yourself with big, heavy, clumsy hunting boots, requiring half a cow skin to

reach to the knees. There is nothing that will tire you out more quickly while climbing mountains or walking over moss covered heaths than heavy foot gear.

On most of my trips I have used a good grade tennis shoe, and have found them easy on the feet, noiseless and free from slippery qualities. Thus shod you can jump from one slick log to another with a good deal of assurance that you will stay where you land.

For the protection of your shins and pantaloons, a seventy-five cent pair of leggins will meet every requirement of strength, durability and security. Woollen stockings should be carried along for use in cold weather and for wet feet. The feet enclosed in woollen stockings will keep warm, even when water soaked, as long as you keep on the go. A good, heavy, ordinary shoe must be worn in cold weather, and a light pair of gum waders should be added to the list of foot gear.

Your provisions should be selected with the view of nourishment, with a few toothsome articles added to the list. Canned goods, while desirable in some ways, are heavy and liable to freeze—condensed milk being an exception, unless the weather be very cold. Oat meal, rice, bacon, flour, salt, pepper and sugar are among the essentials, and dried apricots are especially delicious as an acid bearer on these trips. Beans and a few potatoes—bury the later deep below frost line—should be in the outfit. Syrup and buckwheat can be dispensed with, but sometimes these extras are very acceptable.

Much has been written on hunting equipment, each writer and hunter advising that which his individual experience and demands suggest. As a rule, one should take only that which is necessary, or likely to be needed. If you have carefully studied the locality in which you expect to hunt, and the kind of game you are going after, it will be easy to select about what you will need. I usually make out a list of these articles some time before starting, and every few days go over it and cut out or add to it as I think best.

On my Kodiak Island trip for a two months bear hunt, I took the following:

- Two skinning knives;
- One pair gum boots (waders);
- One compass;
- One camera, 3 A. 10 rolls of films, 10 exposures on each roll;
- One Stero-camera No. 2, Hawkeye, 10 rolls, 6 exposures on each roll;
- One aneroid;
- One mosquito net;
- Six pairs heavy woolen socks;
- Two extra pairs pantaloons, woolen;
- Two extra coats, woolen;
- One pair hand scales;
- A few surgical instruments;
- One gum hat;
- One gum coat;
- One pair tennis shoes;



One pair gum gloves;  
Two pairs woolen gloves;  
One pair extra spectacles;  
Two towels;  
Writing tablet and pencils;  
One pair Bausch & Lomb Stero binocular field  
glasses;  
Six extra handkerchiefs;  
Cleansing rods;  
Gun oil;  
Small gun tool kit;  
Match safe—water proof;  
Safety pins;  
Buttons;  
Three woolen shirts;  
One cap;  
One wide brimmed hat;  
One whetstone;  
One tooth brush;  
One comb;  
One razor;  
One fishing rod and a few flies;  
Two extra pairs woolen drawers;  
One sweater;  
One sleeping bag and extra blanket;  
One rubber sheet;  
One spool strong wire;  
Talcum powder;  
One tape measure;

One fever and weather thermometer;

Ball of good strong cord;

Ammunition—two or three hundred shells.

This entire outfit weighs less than one hundred pounds, and can be shipped in an ordinary steamer trunk. If you are going on a horseback trip these things can be carried in two ordinary, strong sacks, about three feet long, making a light load for one horse.

After a fair trial of many rifles, I am fully convinced that the 1895 Winchester, 35 caliber, is the best all around gun for big game on the market. The 405 is a more powerful weapon, but I would not recommend it except for hunting African big game. The 35 has a velocity at fifty feet of 2150 feet per second, and a striking power of 2667 pounds; it penetrates 56 one-inch fresh pine boards, at fifteen feet, carries a bullet of 250 grains and has a trajectory with the small range of only twelve inches at three hundred yards, with a recoil of only nineteen pounds. The killing power of this rifle seems to be all anyone could desire, yet I fully realize there are many other makes of guns that are endorsed by hunters of much experience.



*Truly a species of big game now almost extinct.*

## MY FIRST DEER

I remember in my early life, in Kentucky, that deer were quite numerous. They were hunted with dogs, or tracked in the snow. There were certain runways that the deer would go through when pursued by dogs. Drives were made in the early morning, so that the hounds would strike the trails made during the night, while the deer were feeding. These hunts were usually taken in the fall, about the time the trees shed their foliage. I took part in many of these hunts, although not a member of any hunting parties. No fence or private holdings checked the hunted or hunter, when the chase was once started. I have seen deer, dogs and hunters on horses go pell-mell over rail fences and even right through our apple orchard. A favorite runway led through the creek bottom where we had a meadow. It was in the woods near this meadow that I used to take my stand when I heard the hounds on the trail. I always had to steal out my father's old "cap and ball" rifle, as I began hunting at too early an age to meet the full approval of my parents.

Well do I remember how I would place the round bullet in the palm of my hand, pour the black powder from the horn until it just snugly covered it, then fish out the bullet, pour the powder into the slanting rifle barrel, put the patch over the muzzle of the gun, insert the bullet just within the barrel, cut off the patch, and with the hickory ramrod push the bullet down on the powder and ram it until the rod bounced out of the

barrel, then open the cap box on the butt of the rifle stock, take out a "G. D." cap and put it on the tube. These old guns were very accurate up to sixty yards.

On one occasion, while hunting quail, I had a little, single-barrel, muzzle loading shotgun, loaded with bird shot (No. 8). I heard the hounds barking, hot on the trail of something that was heading my way. I leaned against a poplar tree, to await development of coming events. I did not have to wait very long before a beautiful two-year-old buck came bounding along as noiselessly as a rabbit; and as he passed within a few feet of where I stood, I fired, but he continued his flight as though I had not touched him. The hounds came by pretty soon, with their hair all on ends and frothing at the mouth like dogs with hydrophobia. They did not run more than two hundred yards before they ceased barking, and as the deer had taken the direction in which I was going, I leisurely walked, and much to my surprise I found the deer lying stone dead. One shot had pierced his heart.

I was so excited and felt so strong that I literally picked that deer up and carried him on my shoulders fully two hundred yards. After resting, I tried to lift him again, but was unable to get him off the ground. This was my first deer. Since that time I have killed many of these animals, but none of them have brought the genuine Daniel Boone huntsmanlike pride and gratification, equal to this little, spike buck killed while I was a mere boy near my old Kentucky home.



SOUTHWESTERN KANSAS AND  
NO MAN'S LAND



## CHAPTER II.

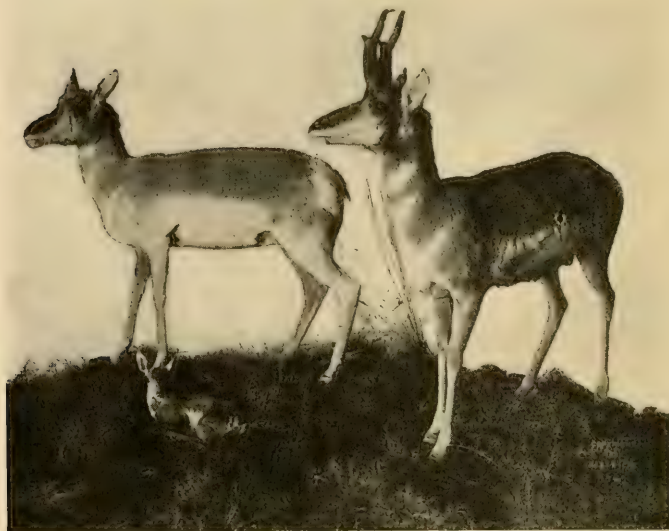
### A BUFFALO AND ANTELOPE HUNT IN SOUTHWESTERN KANSAS AND NO MAN'S LAND.

IN September, 1883, I decided to take a short hunting trip into Southwestern Kansas and No Man's Land, a narrow strip between Texas and Kansas, but now a part of Oklahoma. There were very few permanent settlers in that part of that country at that time. We left the Santa Fe railroad at Hartland, Kansas, and rode across the prairie, south, seventy-five or a hundred miles.

On our journey across the buffalo grass plains, we found many prairie chickens, and with no trouble kept our larder well filled with nice, tender, young birds. We had heard that there was, roaming over this large territory, a small herd of buffalo. They had been seen by some cowboys a few months prior to our starting, and it was this herd that we were going out to hunt. We had in the party an oldtime buffalo hunter, whose name I have forgotten, and he was to pilot us to the herd.

One afternoon, as we were riding along on the vast expanse of level prairie, I noticed to the west of our course an occasional flash of some white reflecting like objects, almost as if someone were using a mirror to re-

flect the sunlight, only not so brilliant. I was at a loss to know the source whence this came, as I was a stranger to that part of the country and its inhabitants. On inquiry, I learned that a band of antelope was "flirting" with us. There were about fifteen or twenty in the bunch and these were the first antelope I had ever seen. They would dart over some little knoll, and as they disappeared, their little white rumps would flash in the bright sunlight, but they would no sooner get out of sight than they would appear again at the crest of another ground swell. Their curiosity would not permit them to stay out of sight long at a time. We were



*Killed, mounted and photographed by Prof. L. L. Dyche, of K. U.*

probably the first white men they had ever seen, unless, perchance, some of the older members of the band had seen travelers along the old Santa Fe trail, that winds its course a few miles south of where we then were.

We quickly decided to have an antelope hunt, and we separated into two parties, intending to circumvent them. The antelope seemed to understand our moves, and before we had gone a half mile, the band strung out across the prairie and was soon lost to sight. Within a few miles of this spot, we discovered another band of five fine antelope, standing quietly on a little knoll a half mile away, stamping their feet, and intently gazing at us in the most inquisitive way. This time our party separated without dismounting, expecting to shoot from horse back. I was somewhat timid about shooting from the back of a broncho that had to be broken every time he was saddled, so I decided to let the others lead my horse, and I would sit down on the prairie and see the fun, or in other words, watch the old, experienced antelope hunters and learn how it was done.

When those on horseback had gotten half around the antelope, but about half a mile away from them, the antelope struck out single file toward where I was sitting on the ground, but every little space they would pause, line up in military order, in a questioning attitude, and gaze intently at the peculiar looking object directly in front of them. Then the most venturesome one in the bunch, a particularly fine buck, would take



the lead and renew the march toward me, but when within two hundred yards, they dashed away at a rate such as only antelope can go, making three quarters of a turn around me, and then began their inquisitive stalk toward me again. They kept this up until they came within a hundred yards of me, when I fired at the leader, killing him instantly with a breast shot. The others took to their heels, and soon were beyond the range of my thirty-eight Winchester. My hunting companions were watching the whole performance from a safe distance. I was delighted with my kill, as it was the second bunch of antelope I had ever seen. Unconsciously, I had resorted to one of the very best methods to get a shot at an antelope. They are of a very inquiring turn, as I learned later, and I had a great laugh at the expense of the veteran hunters on that occasion.

We continued our trip down into Southwestern Kansas in quest of the buffalo. After riding over a vast scope of country, we discovered buffalo signs made the year before, but no buffalo were seen while I was with the party. I left the others in No Man's Land and returned home. I was absent on this hunt about five weeks. During that time the party killed several antelope and a number of coyotes, jack rabbits and prairie chickens.

It has ever been one of my keen disappointments that I left the party before the hunt was over. Had I remained with them, I would have been in the last successful buffalo hunt of the whole Southwest.

A few days after my return home, those remaining found fresh buffalo signs and followed them for a day, when they found the animals at a water hole. The hunters encircled them, and succeeded in wiping out the whole herd of seventeen. This was a ruthless slaughter, but it only hastened the inevitable. The hides, heads and much of the meat was brought back to the railroad and shipped to the market at Garden City and Fort Dodge.

This same broad expanse of prairie at the present time has a farm on every quarter section of tillable land. The buffalo and the Indian, the original inhabitants, have been corralled and put on reservations or in side-shows, where the curious can see them at so much a ticket. After all, I presume that the white settlers with their vast fields of grain, millions of domesticated animals and little white school houses are making better use of the country and prove to be far better and more desirable citizens than the Indian and the buffalo.

#### A COLORADO BEAR AND DEER HUNT.

IN 1888, in company with the late Judge Underwood, of Kansas, I made a trip to Western Colorado to hunt big game. It was in the early part of September that we landed at Delta, a little station on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. We were met by a Mr. Stevens, who with his outfit conducted us up the north fork of the Gunnison River to a post office called Paonia, the distance being about forty miles. At this time there



*The camp cook's reverie.*

is a railroad up this valley that taps some of the richest coal fields in Colorado. While on this hunt we found the vein that is being worked at this time and, in fact, I think some of our party filed a claim on the land soon after this hunt.

We outfitted from Paonia and struck the trail up a small creek, putting into the north fork of the Gunnison River from the Northwest. At our first night's camp we found fresh signs of the Ute Indians who at that time were off their Utah reservation on a hunting trip, and had recently been acting very ugly toward the whites. One of our party found a Ute blanket

that had been lost by some member of the Indian hunting party. My saddle horse on this trip was formerly owned by old Ouray, the chief of the Utes.

We had a shepherd dog with us. At our first camp the fresh ashes of the Utes' campfire told us that the savages had camped there only two nights before. During the night the dog became very restless, and growled and made signs of some suspected danger. At one time he jumped on to my bed and gave a most unearthly growl. We were very much alarmed, as we were afraid that the Utes had surrounded us. There was a slight fall of snow during the night, and next morning, on looking for the cause of the dog's uneasiness, we found within a few yards of our camp where a grizzly bear had strolled leisurely by. The dog's barking seemed not to disturb him in the least, judging from his tracks, which did not look like those made by a frightened bear.

During the day we hunted from this camp. I remember, distinctly, finding where many cattle (?) had lately visited a water hole near the timber line. On my way back to camp, I climbed upon a high log to take a look at the surrounding country. As I looked down into a little glade about fifty yards away, I got a glimpse of a large brown-looking animal, disappearing into the underbrush. I had never seen an elk, and did not realize what I was then looking at, until I related my experience at the camp that night. I could have easily killed that elk had I known what it was, or

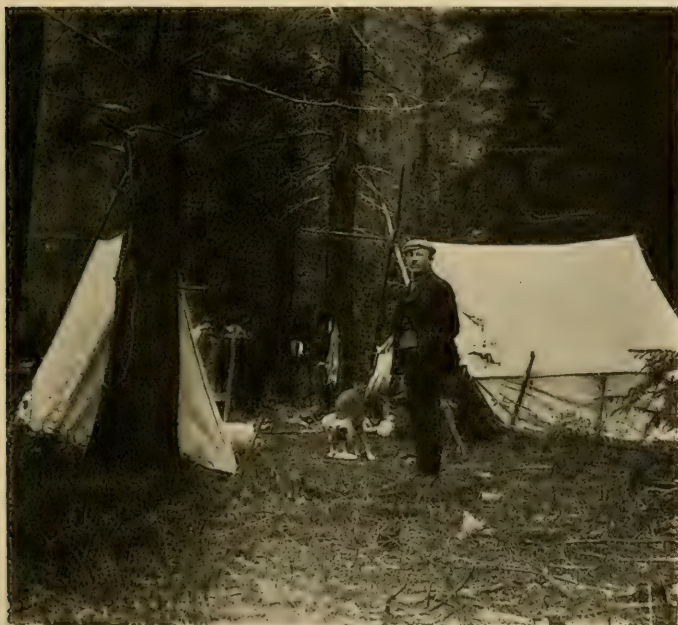
had I thought to shoot before it was too late.

The next day we stopped at an old, abandoned, prospector's cabin, and from this point we made several trips after bear. The bear signs were very plentiful in a large choke cherry patch of about three miles in extent. While here, we set a steel trap and secured a very fine specimen of the cinnamon colored black bear. He dragged the four-inch, sixteen-foot long, quaking asp toggle for a mile down the mountain side. It was no trouble to follow his trail. I imagine that no such growling, threshing and gnawing of underbrush was ever made by a captive bear, before or since. A well directed shot from an old Sharp's rifle put a quietus on his bearship in record time. The next day, while hunting in this same cherry patch, I ran onto three bears in a bunch, but they disappeared before I got a shot. I was not much of a big game hunter, then. I have learned more about it since. I had more nerve and less judgment, then, than now. One of our party killed a small black bear the following day, and two days later, between two of us we secured another. On this trip we saw thirteen bears.

We had seen fresh grizzly signs one afternoon, so early the next morning all hands were ready to go after this big bear. When we arrived at the canon where the bear signs were discovered, we found that an old she with two cubs made up the bear party. We followed them by their tracks in the soft earth, and by disturbed rocks and logs where the old bear had turned



them over, looking for bugs and mice. About ten o'clock we caught sight of them going over a little knoll into a deep gulch. While they were about five hundred yards away, we fired many shots, but this did not disturb her in the least, and even the dog barking at her would not make her run away from the cubs. She walked along as leisurely as a Jersey cow coming from the pasture to the barnyard. Every now and then she would wheel about and strike at the dog with her front foot. When she disappeared into the gulch, a



*A beautiful camp site.*

council of war was held, as to the best manner of attack. We decided to surround the gulch and it fell to my lot to go to the lower end of the canon, where the precipitous walls approached to within a hundred yards of each other. It was suggested to me that I take that stand, for in so doing I would surely get a good, close shot, as they would drive the bear right toward me. Little did they think that they were telling the truth as to the course that old bear was going to take to get out of that gulch. Had they thought so, they would probably not have suggested that the youngest, least experienced and worst scared hunter of the bunch should take that stand. I started to the stand, but decided that I did not want to tackle an old mother grizzly with two cubs, all by myself with a single shot rifle. That was a sensible conclusion, as any hunter will certainly say. Sure enough, the bears did go by that stand, but they went by with no disturbance from my rifle or my presence. After this little incident, I lost my reputation as a bold, bad, bear hunter.

While on this trip, we killed many deer, as they were very numerous in Colorado twenty years ago. We heard many elk bugling, but I did not know to what I was listening. Other members of the party had a few days hunt after elk, as I learned later, but they did not get a shot. I have learned much about the habits of big game since then.

A few years after this hunt, I made another trip to Colorado, to fish for trout. While on this trip, I killed

my first and only mountain lion, or puma. I found and killed him without the aid of dogs. The puma is of all animals the hardest to find without trailing dogs. I ran on to this lion while he was lying quietly on a large, sloping, fallen tree. His head was down the hill, and he appeared to be sound asleep. My trail passed directly under the log on which he was lying, and it is barely possible that he was waiting for a deer, as I am sure that he did not expect me along that way. I discovered him at about a hundred yards distance and a single shot from a three hundred and three Savage killed him instantly. He was a very large lion, and



*The deer were plentiful in Colorado.*

I had a whole mount made of this specimen, but the moth attacked the fur while I was absent from home for six months, and completely ruined it.

I have made other hunting trips into Colorado, since, but secured only deer and some small game. Colorado has a good game law, and in a few years all big game will be plentiful, again, in that state.



WYOMING





## CHAPTER III.

HUNTING ELK, DEER AND BEAR IN WYOMING. MANY  
AMUSING INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP. DIFFICULT  
MOUNTAIN TRAILS. BEAUTIFUL AND RARE  
MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

AFTER a correspondence extending over several weeks with guides in various parts of the country, I decided to make Cody, Wyoming, our outfitting point and to take Fred as our guide. In company with my good friend and hunting companion, H. P. Wright, of Kansas City, Missouri, we left home September 7th, 1905 via the Burlington route. No better nor more jovial hunting partner ever lived than "H. P.", and any hunter who has been in the mountains for weeks at a time will recognize the importance of the careful selection of the make-up of the party, be he guide, companion, horse wrangler or dog. Nothing of importance transpired *en route*, save on many occasions "H. P." would point out a good place for bears, or a dandy retreat for elk. The first really ideal bear ground located by him was just after we crossed the railroad bridge at Kansas City, in Harlem, but as we were headed for Wyoming, we decided to continue our trip, and not to hunt where the signs were so ancient and scattered. However, it required a firm stand on my part to keep down the im-



*Wyoming Elk in their winter quarters.*  
(Photographed by S. N. Leek)

pending mutiny, as he repeatedly quoted from Lewis and Clark's diary—1805—such sentences as this: "June 17th, 1805, our hunters killed two elk and three bears at the mouth of a river six hundred feet wide, putting into the Missouri from the West. The Indians call it 'Kaw river.'" I must admit that such incidents as above quoted had a tendency to weaken my position. However, as our tickets read to Cody, Wyoming, and return, I stood firm in my position and we proceeded without any other evidence of the violation of proper discipline.

We changed cars at Toluca, Montana. Toluca is quite a metropolis composed of a depot, a section house,

two Cody hotel signs and a large prairie dog population. Here we practiced with a target rifle for an hour or two while waiting for the train to leave for Cody, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles. This is an all day ride, including the stops the engineer and fireman made when they went to shoot prairie chickens along the right of way. At six o'clock, Saturday, September 9th, we arrived at Cody, where we were met by Fred.

The Irma Hotel, owned by "Buffalo Bill," is a hostelry that reflects much credit on the little town of Cody. This little town of the Shoshone foot hills is a thriving burg of one thousand inhabitants, and is a truly typical border or frontier town. Supported as it is by ranchmen, miners and cowboys, it presents an animation out of all proportion to its size.

We procured our hunting license that night, paying fifty dollars for the privilege of killing two elk, two deer, two antelope and one sheep. Very few hunters ever secure this amount of game. Early the next morning, we loaded our traps into a wagon and started for Judge Swenson's, fifty miles up the South fork of the "Stinkin" water or Shoshone River. Fred driving and H. P. and I taking turns at riding "Jim," the guide's horse. If there ever was a horse that could soldier, Jim was the animal. He could, when made to try, almost catch an elk, but when let to have his own way, he could trot as long in the same tracks as any horse I have ever ridden. As we were leaving Cody, we paused long enough on the edge of the plateau south of the town to get a

good look at the place, and make some pictures. Just where I stood was the bleached and weather-decayed skull of a buffalo with horns attached—a silent and crumbling monument of this noble and almost extinct animal.

In my fancy for the moment, I could see the vast herds as they roamed the grass covered valley below me where Cody now stands, and on the surrounding hill-tops, I gazed at the red men armed with their bows and lances while they were looking the herds over with a view to selecting and killing the fattest for their winter's food, and not for wanton destruction, cruel sport, or trophy hunting, as later practiced by white men. Faintly in the distance toward the rising sun, I could see the steam and smoke from the steamboat as it



*Comparative size of a coyote, black bear and Kodiak brown bear.*



wended its way through the sand bar meshes of the treacherous Missouri, loaded with whiskey, beads and firearms—the first stimulus to the red man to destroy and barter the very source of his existence. A buffalo robe for a string of beads and the results of a whole winter's hunt for a few drinks of cheap whiskey and an antiquated gun. I next saw the steel rails being laid across the continent, and the locomotive drawing its cars loaded with hides, teeth, heads and ruthless tongue hunters, then a great fog appeared to settle over the scene and I was lost in my reverie until H. P. took hold of me and said, "Doctor, come out of it." I looked again and I saw the smoke from the hoisting engines and heard the blast of dynamite at the site where the United States government is building a three million dollar dam across the mouth of the south and north forks of the Shoshone river, and I realized fully that time and progress had wrought many changes, but oh, at what a sacrifice and cost to the original owners. Modern civilization with its ever increasing demands to gratify the restless nature of man has led to the constant invasion of new territory, and nature has been robbed of some of her most valuable secrets, but in so doing, great sacrifices have been made. Whole tribes of human beings and all the native fauna and flora, with few exceptions, have disappeared with the advent of our boasted civilization.

The American bison, poor brutes, are practically extinct. It is almost pathetic when one thinks of the

gradual but sure destruction of this, the noblest of our fourfooted American aborigines. A century ago the buffalo were distributed over a large area of the United States. Lewis and Clark record the killing of these animals at the mouth of the Kaw, in 1805. Kansas City, with a population of three hundred and fifty thousand souls, marks that site today.

In our middle, southern and northern states, buffalo and elk roamed in large herds. The recent discoveries by excavation in Montana and Wyoming of the petrified remains of many extinct and prehistoric animals bring to mind that it is in exactly this same locality that the buffalo, the Indian, the bear, the elk and the moose have made a final stand in their endeavor to avoid a fate similar to that of their monstrous and prehistoric predecessors.

Within a radius of fifty miles, we find the original of our great western water ways, principally the Snake and Colorado of the Pacific slope and the Yellowstone and Missouri of the Atlantic water shed. This dome of our continent, like a mountain peak projecting from a large body of water that is surely but slowly creeping up its rugged sides and crowding the denizens higher and higher for safety is similarly surrounded by civilized man with his indomitable desire to invade new territory and conquer the natives by extermination, be they beast or human.

The law makers of Wyoming are to be congratulated on their wisdom in extending the game preserve, re-



*"Old Missouri" and Me.*

cently, thirty by sixty miles south of the Yellowstone Park. If the legislature would pass an act forbidding guides who go in with hunting parties to carry firearms, there would not be so many elk killed above the two allowed by the present law, to each hunter in one season. Females are only too often killed for their scalps. Taxidermists find it a remunerative pursuit, where the bulls are scarce. They use the female scalps to remount moth-eaten or otherwise destroyed scalps of antlered trophies.

After a hard day's travel over fairly good roads, we arrived at the "Judges," at six o'clock, where we found

in waiting Charley Workman, guide, and Ben Thomas, cook. They had preceded us the day before with sixteen head of pack animals consisting of fourteen head of mongrels, but be it said to their credit that with one or two exceptions they were as sure-footed, faithful and trustworthy a bunch as ever went into the mountains. Of this number, a mule,—Old Missouri—deserves special mention. He was one of the most intelligent dumb brutes I have ever seen. He could calculate to the fraction of an inch the space required for his pack to pass beneath or between two trees. When he came to a boggy place, he would step aside and watch others of the pack go through, and if too much danger seemed apparent, he would back track to a safer crossing. He was sure footed, strong and his gait was a sure but slow get there walk. Our saddle horses were animals of remarkable endurance, as they were required to keep the pack animals in the trail, and thus in the course of a day's travel would make three miles to one made by the others. In spite of the most careful "diamond" and "squaw" hitches applied by our careful and skilled guides, the packs would become displaced occasionally in going over some particularly steep trail, or through the closely studded telephone pole pine forests. The re-adjusting of these required time, and seemingly, the use of a newly-coined vocabulary on the part of the guides, much to our amusement. Really, I did not realize that there were so many cuss words, and in fact, there were whole sen-

tences that, doubtless, had never been used before. The guides when talking to the pack animals persisted in referring to some remote or near ancestor of the poor brutes. I asked them to make it a personal matter with the horses addressed, but they said we must begin farther back in the family tree, to do the subject justice. "One hears much unwreaked vengeance wreaked on a trip of this kind."

They had arranged our tents and had a good supper awaiting us, which was enjoyed very much after the eight hours jaunt. Judge Swenson deserves more than a passing mention. He has really, as he expressed it to me, "a little paradise surrounded by hell." "But doctor," he said, "you know I never go up in the mountains." I really believe that the Judge's views were correctly applied when it comes to getting over or through some of the passes near his paradise. He has a beautiful farm all irrigated and very productive. His affability and kindness to us, both on going and returning, will ever be remembered. His home was the last we saw for four weeks, and we fully agreed with him on our return, that it was certainly heavenly, speaking from an earthly standpoint.



## CHAPTER IV.

### PACK TRAIN EXPERIENCE; STEEP CLIMBING; GRAND MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

MONDAY morning, the 11th, we were up early, separating the baggage and allotting the loads for the pack animals, which was not a small task, by any means.

We had our first experience with bucking and stiff leg high pitching, soon after the second horse was loaded. If a rubber broncho had gone crazy, he could not have displayed to a better advantage his resiliency, than did this cayuse on that occasion. As soon as he gave the first step after the load was tied on, he proceeded to get up in the air in the most ungraceful and undignified manner, squealing all the while with every bound. His first jump took him over a mowing machine, then he straddled a hay rake, next he plunged into an alfalfa stack, but finding his endeavors to dislodge the load futile, he quieted down and proceeded to help himself to alfalfa. All the time this equine gyration was going on, H. P. was chasing about the horse lot, dodging the epithets hurled at the mutinous brutes by the guides.

By ten o'clock we were ready to start on our march over the mountains to our hunting grounds. As we strung out over the range of low foot hills near the

Judge's home, the train looked, in the distance, like a string of multi-colored ants. We had not gone more than a mile when I heard Ben—our cook—yell, "Look out!" and right above us was a little dun horse loaded with our camp stove, "bucking to beat the band." He had succeeded in dislodging the stove and the stove pipes. The latter were tied through with a sixty-foot rope, one end of which was fastened through the pipes and the other end was tied to the rest of the pack. The noise this made as it bounded from hill-side to the cayuse's rump stampeded the whole pack train, and such a shaking up of potatoes and other provender I have never witnesses, before nor since. We soon got them under control, however, and proceeded as before the stampede.

After passing over a range of good sized foot hills,



*Resembled an army of multi-colored ants.*

we crossed Ishwood Creek, a tributary of the south fork of the Shoshone, about two miles from its mouth. We then proceeded up the left side of this stream.

The guides had told us that the Ishwood trail was rather difficult in some places, but little did we realize what was in store for us farther on. After traveling along on the side of the mountain slopes for six miles, we came to the most difficult part of our whole trip—Ishwood Hill. Here the trail came to a sudden end, and we simply climbed up a rocky chute formed by some great upheaval of nature. The steepness of the grade which we negotiated seemed hardly possible, but I feel quite sure that nothing four-footed but a goat or a Wyoming cayuse could have climbed up at that angle. Ishwood trail with its difficulties and dangers will ever remain with me as the nightmare of this trip. It is called a trail, I presume, because a mountain goat or elk had traveled it a year or two before. There are many places on this trail that would cause anyone who had not seen a horse climb them, to doubt if told that a horse could carry a pack over them. In some places a blaze could be found on a pine tree, evidently put there by some one to keep him from attempting it the second time.

We divided the horses between the four riders, as that was the only way we could keep the loose animals in the trail and prevent crowding on narrow ledges. I was driving the last two—"Baldy," loaded with our "war bags," and "Dun," the cook stove cayuse.

There was one of the pack horses that persisted in leaving the trail at the most inopportune times. It mattered little to him whether it was a sprig of grass a hundred feet from the trail, a precipitous mass of slide rock, or a leaning tree that would dislodge his pack, that was held out to him as an inducement. "Old Baldy," as he was called in civilized language, was certainly the limit when it came to giving trouble, and the remarks that the guide made about his ancestors would certainly fill a volume that would not be used as a textbook by a reformer. In fact, I am sure that new words and whole sentences were coined on this trip, to meet the pack driving indications.

When we arrived at a point on the trail where it diverged to the right between two perpendicular rocks, only eight feet apart, the bottom filled with loose earth and sloping upward almost perpendicularly, my two charges left the trail and stepped over a little backbone of rock into a steep collection of loose soil and crumbling, detached rocks. They could not maintain their footing, so they deliberately sat down and slid into Ishwood creek, three hundred yards away. I thought our personal belongings in the "war bags" were surely lost, as they disappeared over a ten foot bank into the creek. Charley and Fred followed them, sliding the same way as did the horses. They led the brutes a mile down the creek before they could get them into the trail again. They were gone fully an hour. All this time I was standing in a very dangerous place,



*My saddle horse.*

holding on to my horse lest he should fall, while H. P. was in an equally perilous position just above me.

We finally got strung out again on the trail (?) and such climbing by animals without claws was never done before. After repeated stops for rest and breath, we reached the summit, "all in." We traveled three miles farther where we struck camp at Buffalo Bill's old camping place of the year before. Here we saw the first elk signs. I shall ever remember the steep places I climbed that night in my dreams, and the horrible sights I beheld in my nightmare fancies—horses going over precipices, and men falling to bottomless canons, to be mangled beyond recognition. I awakened several times during the night and looked out from my tent upon a scene that was inspiring in its grandeur. The



full moon with its subdued light, and the dark shadows of the high mountain peaks, reaching across deep ravines like phantom bridges made a picture that only lacked the grotesque, shrouded figures to complete the stage settings of a vast amphitheater whose actors were the hobgoblins of one's childhood dreams and fears—realized.

The weather on most of this trip was of the kind that invigorates the lover of outdoor air and bright sunshine. He who goes into the mountains to hunt and kill, only, and calls that a vacation, does not reap the full benefit of his outing. "Nature's book is ever open to all who enter her domain, and to refuse to scan its pages of well written and valued truths, is to show a want of proper appreciation of the good things set before us, and a squandering of valuable time while erasing the uncut pages of her precious volume."

On a trip of this character, many virgin ravines and cliffs are viewed by a white man for the first time, and he would be a dull observer if he did not profit by such a lesson. The untrodden solitude of some of the canyons we hunted in was grand to behold.

At several places near the timber line, I found large pieces of petrified wood, some of which we broke into proper sizes for whet stones. I had them polished on my return to Kansas City. The wood of these prehistoric trees was certainly different from any growing in that vicinity at the present day. I found in two or three places marine (seemingly) shells imbedded in

the softer rocks of these mountains. Being a collector of mound builders' and other pre-historic implements and flints, I kept a close lookout for such, finding only one flint flake near the Yellowstone river. When one recalls the fact that the only body of obsidian in the Rockies is to be found one hundred miles north of where we were hunting, and that the Indian aborigines congregated there as a neutral point to collect war and hunting supplies, one would naturally expect to pick up many obsidian arrow points and flakes dropped in that vicinity by the vanquishing natives, but I did not find a single point.

Nature unadorned is seen on all sides on these trips, and great pleasure is to be had in traveling through the unsurveyed canons, gazing on unharnessed water falls. An eagle's nest far up on the mountain-side, built in a place most inaccessible to both man and beast, elicits a profound admiration for the sagacity of this noble bird, and the little striped ground squirrel, as he busies himself, unaware of your presence, or rather not fearing a stranger, in gathering pine cones and storing them away for his winter's use, is an evidence of thrift, always enjoyed by the lover of Nature. To see the graceful little fellow as he chatteringly runs to the top of a pine tree to his work, and to watch him as he cuts and shoves the pine cones from their attachment and seemingly, in a careless manner drops them to the ground, makes one admire him both for his sagacity and for the untiring zeal with which he goes about his

work of providing for a rainy day. When he has stripped the trees of their cones, he proceeds to gather them together by the side of some old, fallen tree, or perchance in the crevices of some rock nearby. I have seen piles of pine cones three feet high and four feet across the base that had been gathered by these intelligent and interesting little rodents. Bless his beautiful, striped, little skin! I love him for his hospitality, I admire him for his wisdom, and congratulate him on his home surroundings with their fresh air, bright sunlight and grand scenery. May the source of his food supply ever yield him an abundant harvest, and his practical wisdom protect him from his enemies.

On Tuesday morning, the 12th, we broke camp at ten o'clock and continued up the left bank of Ishwood creek for ten miles, where we crossed the creek and climbed a steep mountain that was covered with fine timber and soil very rich and deep. This led us into Ishwood pass, a long but narrow depression between two very tall peaks, towering above the timber line. In fact, the pass was over eleven thousand feet high. The peak to our right was Ishwood Cone; the one to the left, Castle Peak. Large glacier-like heaps of snow and ice, the silent messengers of the rigid weather of many winters, were piled into the depressions or ravines on either side of the pass. The wind was traveling at a hurricane speed, as we moved along, chilling us unpleasantly, as our underclothing was damp from the exertion of the climb just completed. Sheep Moun-

tain, looking east from the pass, presented a most magnificent scene. This tangle of barren rock and tall peaks, some of which are over twelve thousand feet high, is a favorite abiding-place for the big horn sheep.

Just as we began our descent on the head water of Pass Creek, we stopped for lunch and to re-adjust the packs. Soon after starting, we saw to our left, a band of eighteen élk. The season was not yet opened, so we contented ourselves by admiring them as they strung themselves out on the side of the mountain in making their escape.

We camped that night where Pass Creek empties into the Thoroughfare. While supper was being prepared, H. P. and I caught several fine trout from the latter creek, using a gray hackle fly. During the early



*Ishwood Pass, Sheep Mountain in the distance.*

evening, we heard an elk bugling. We had traveled twenty-two miles that day over fairly good roads.

Wednesday, the 13th, we traveled in the Yellowstone Timber Reserve and approached the southeast corner of Yellowstone Park, rounding the western terminus of Hawk's Rest Mountain, and leaving Bridger lake a mile to our right. We then entered the flats of the Yellowstone River, and a more beautiful sight would be hard to find. The grass was waist high, over-run here and there with a clump of stunted willows. Running through its center is the Yellowstone River, while on either side were numerous characteristic beaver canals with their grass-grown borders and abrupt, precipitous banks. The river at this point is a mere brook as compared to its size at the exit from Lake Yellowstone, a few miles farther north. We traveled up the right bank of Atlantic Creek to its beginning, about ten miles south, and here we camped at Two Ocean Pass, a continental dividing point, the altitude being about nine thousand, five hundred feet. A beautiful little spring, with its sparkling waters flowing from beneath a glacial deposited rock, marks a division point of our continental watershed. Two tiny streams from the spring separate here; one wends its way toward the East, the other courses westward. The former adds its mite to the "Father of Waters" and the great Atlantic, while the latter is a feeder to the mighty Columbia and the vast Pacific. During the night we were serenaded by a pack of wolves. A single



wolf gave the key note, then it was taken up in a most discordant manner by the whole *lupus* tribe in that vicinity, and echoed as it was on that still, frosty night by every mountain peak, the whole world about us seemed to be one vast kennel, filled with these howling wild dogs. These mountain scavengers are a harmless cowardly, loathsome set, whose only mission on earth seems to be to eat grasshoppers, carrion and the refuse rejected by other beasts, and to make night hideous with their unmusical, howling serenades, intimidating the tenderfoot hunter and disturbing the sleep of the veteran. It seems paradoxical that we loathe above all others the wolf and the buzzard, whose food is the disease-breeding refuse that is revolting to our more refined tastes.

The camera, or rather the pictures made with it on this trip have been a source of much pleasure to me since my return, as in my long winter-evening hours I frequently take down my photograph album and live over the pleasures, difficulties and hardships of the outing. The thoughts of the latter, even in imagination, bring pleasant remembrances of the courage and fortitude shown in overcoming the same. This high range of mountains and that beautiful camp site are truthfully recorded by the camera, and might have been lost to my memory had I not made a permanent record to which I could turn in a moment of forgetfulness. A number of my choice pictures, enlarged to eighteen by twenty-four are hanging in my den among my most

highly prized mementos of this and other hunting trips. Beautiful and rare gems of Nature's carving from granite mountains, emerald lakes, set in a multi-colored mountain canon, or perchance a grizzly bear, or a bull elk are faithfully recorded by the camera for future pleasing reference for oneself and friends. There are many traits of animal life almost peculiar to the elk, an understanding of which is of much aid to the hunter, and of great interest to him who would learn of the habits of this rapidly disappearing and noble animal.

Thursday, the 14th, after crossing the Yellowstone River, we traveled across the Wyoming game reserve. Too much credit cannot be given to the law-makers of this state for setting apart this tract of land, thirty by sixty miles to the south of the National Park, as a game preserve. Not a gun can be fired here without subjecting the hunter to a heavy fine. If the game wardens will continue to arrest poachers, and refrain from unlawful killing and trapping, themselves, it will take many years to exterminate the game in this part of the state. Of course, the hunters will continue to kill game right up to the borders of the park and this reservation. However, the elk very soon learn where it is unsafe to go.

From Two Ocean Pass we followed up a branch of Pacific Creek to the crest of the range, where we descended a long, steep mountain, to the north fork of Buffalo Creek, which we followed for ten miles to its junction with the south fork. Here we crossed Buffalo



*The pleasures of camp life are memories ever to be enjoyed.*

Creek and located our permanent camp on the left bank, just where the two forks join. This is an ideal camping place, good grazing for our horses, plenty of fire-wood, cold, clear water, fine trout fishing right at our tents, and with good elk country near at hand. What more could we ask?

We soon had our camp arranged and put in order for the next day—"open season." After a five days' horseback ride over extremely rough trails, one is naturally expected to be tired. However, H. P. and I were not so played out but that we caught a good string of trout for supper. Our guns were overhauled, and ammunition put out for an early start next morning. We

sat up in our cook tent (reception room) until late, listening to the hunting stories as told by Ben, our cook.

The pleasures of camp life are memories ever to be enjoyed in after years, when, in reminiscent mood, one goes over his outing trip. The snapping of the dry, pine boughs as they are thrown on the camp fire, the tongues of flame as they dart upward like lightening flashes to disappear into the halo of darkness amid meteor-like fire sparks is a picture so firmly and pleasantly fixed on one's memory that he will long to live his trip over again. All the unpleasant occurrences, the hardships endured and the disappointment met with are soon forgotten, and in their stead one thinks only of the camp fire affability, of the story-swapping experiences, of sound, restful sleep, good appetites and digestion, and the lucky catch of that big trout, or the grand scenery witnessed while tracking elk, deer, bear or moose. My friend, be you hunter or fisherman, do you not agree with me? Suppose we go again next year.

Ben's experience as a sheep herder would make an interesting volume on an occupation that will soon be a lost art. He is a well educated man, and could recite his experiences in a most fascinating manner.

At every camping place, as soon as we began to remove the packs and pitch our tents, the "camp thieves" would begin to congregate in the trees about us. They evidently anticipated a feast. These birds are a peculiar set, having very little or no fear of man, and are

possessed with a cunning rarely found in birds, and an indomitable desire to pick up and carry away any food left where they can get it. On several occasions one of these robbers stole the bread or meat from our plates while we were pouring a cup of coffee, or had our backs turned for an instant. They are about the size of a domestic pigeon, pale blue in color with very dark eyes, and possessing voices very unmusical and of limited range.

All the clear, cold, swift running streams in the territory hunted over on this trip were alive with the gamest of trout. The Buffalo fork afforded especially good sport. Many enjoyable hours were spent in casting a gray hackle, a coachman, or a professor fly, and landing these gamest of all fish. One day, while wading this stream, my attention was drawn to an object of unusual shape in the bottom of a still pool. I picked it up and it proved to be an exact mould of the skull of a monkey, the size being that of a full grown ape. The nasal fossa was in the right position above the maxillary slit, and the orbits were in their normal place. This specimen comes as near being a petrified monkey skull as was ever discovered in North America.

While resting on a dead pine log one afternoon, I saw a small, dark object creeping from rock to rock, or from behind one dead and fallen log to another. I sat as quietly as possible, that I might discover the character of the varmint and its habits. I was soon able to tell that it belonged to the mink family and that it



was a pine martin. It was stalking some object just behind a large detached rock about thirty yards from me. I next discovered the object of the animal's pursuit—a snow shoe rabbit. The poor rabbit seemed to be completely mesmerized by its enemy, as it was making no effort to escape, while apparently looking directly at the martin. I watched them until they were ten feet apart, and then my sympathy for the rabbit so completely overcame my interest in the disputed question as to how a mink captures and kills its prey that I bounded to my feet and threw a stone at the assassin and rushed closer to them. The mink did not want to leave the premises at all, as he ran only a few yards and crouched under a fallen tree in plain view and remained there. I had to almost kick the



*Wash day.*

rabbit, in order to make him move from his mesmeric rooted position. I am sure that martin had snow shoe rabbit for his supper that night.

That we did not have a niggardly diet list can be shown by our bill of fare, a sample of which is given here:

## BREAKFAST

## SUPPER

Oat Meal,	Olives, Chili Sauce,
Fried Young Grouse,	Fried Trout with Bacon,
German Fried Potatoes,	Venison Stew,
Venison Tenderloin,	Elk Tenderloin, Fried,
Broiled with Bacon,	Potatoes, Tomatoes, Peas,
Hot Biscuit,	Canned Peaches,
Buckwheat Cakes, Maple	Apple Pie, Cheese, Jelly,
Syrup, Coffee.	Coffee, Pipes.

## DINNER

Tomato Soup,  
Short Ribs of Elk Roast,  
Potatoes, Corn, Onions,  
Hot Corn Bread,  
Canned Cherries,  
Cheese, Coffee, Cigars.

With such an appetite as one has while hunting, this list was none too extensive. After all, we derive much pleasure in this life from what we eat, how we sleep, what we see, and *how we look at it*.

If one has a capricious stomach, that resents even

the suggestion of dirt, let him go on a trip of this kind and I will guarantee that ere he returns he will be able, with no fear of offending his digestive organs, to brush the dust off from a dried biscuit, or pick out the elk hairs from his gravy, and besides, he will enjoy the diversion. He will also return with a ravenous appetite, a cast iron digestion, new blood coursing through his arteries and veins, renewed interest in his office and other duties, and a firm resolution to return to the mountains and woods again the next year.

We listened longingly for elk bugling their challenges during the early part of the evening, but not a note did we hear. Fred, who has hunted several seasons in this vicinity, was very much disappointed, as he had assured us that we would hear bugling on all sides at the mouth of the Buffalo. The next morning we were awakened early for breakfast. The air was cold and crisp, and an inch of ice had formed on still water during the night. (September 14th, altitude 9,000 ft.) Fred and I started out directly south of the camp, while H. P. and Charley went southwest, or down the left side of the Buffalo. Near our camp we passed a fine six point head that Fred had *cached* the year before. We hunted faithfully up the side of the mountain to the top of a very high, barren, nameless peak. On the way up we saw some fresh elk signs and heard one distant bugle. At one of our resting places—it was steep climbing—we feasted on raspberries. We crossed to the south, over a long, narrow back-bone of a ridge and

took our lunch by the side of a beautiful little mountain stream. In the afternoon we hunted back, and when within two miles of camp we entered a deep, narrow, heavily timbered canon, where we saw our first bear signs. By the footprints and color of hair on the gum on the spruce trees, we were convinced that both black and grizzly bear were making this canon their home. The remains of a cow elk that had been devoured was found, and we saw a bear wallow that had been used that same day. We hunted this territory carefully, but no bear was discovered.

Near our permanent camp were numerous and fresh bear signs, where bruin had either been having a feast on berries, rubbing his shaggy back against a fallen tree, or taking a mud bath in some elk or bear wallow. The size of the footprints, shape of claw impressions in the mud and color of the hair left sticking in the spruce gum indicated that both black and grizzlies were in that neighborhood. We were fortunate enough to see three black bears, but they were beyond rifle range, and as we had no dogs, we soon lost them. Next to the mountain lion, the black bear is the most alert big game today in the Rockies, and fortunate is he who gets within rifle shot of one of these wary animals without the assistance of dogs or bear bait.

## CHAPTER V.

MOVED CAMP. SAW BULL ELK. SOME ELK TRAITS.  
ELK BUGLING. MY FIRST ELK.

WE arrived at camp about five o'clock, convinced that no great number of elk was to be found in that vicinity, and began arrangements to make a side trip farther up the south fork on the next morning. H. P. and Charley returned about the same time, and reported that they had seen a few cow elk, but no bulls with good antlers.

The next morning, September 16th, we took two pack animals and our four saddlers and struck up the south fork of the Buffalo. Two miles from camp we found a beautiful little lake of a few acres extent, and grazing on its grass-bordered shore was a beautiful chestnut sorrel horse that had strayed from some hunter, or perchance its owner had been killed by accident or a grizzly, thus swelling the list, by one, of the unreturned.

We crossed the stream frequently within a few miles. One of the most beautiful meadows I have ever seen in the Rockies was traversed on this trip. As we were going through this meadow, we saw a large bull elk on the top of a mountain five miles away, standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky, like a beautifully



carved medallion. Even the experienced eye will often be deceived in the flood of dazzling, free-from-dust atmosphere of the Rockies. He looked to be only a mile away.

What hunter has not heard of the rim rock of the Rockies, with the long, tedious climb to reach it each day, while hunting elk? It is just beneath its projecting and gloomy shadows where late in the season the best grazing is to be found. The winter's snow disappears last at this point. The trees here are more dwarfed and scattered, leaving many beautiful little park grazing places for the elk.

Wyoming has more than her share of rim rock. In fact, she has enough for the whole world, if it were properly distributed, and this grand state, it seems to me, has more of Nature exposed than any *bear* country over which I have ever hunted.

The hunter, who each morning crawls from between his blankets with stiffened muscles, aching joints and vivid recollections of the hard climb the day before to rim rock or barren craig above timber line, and is willing and ready to make the journey again in quest of the game whose tracks he saw the day before, is certainly an enthusiastic individual and deserving of every trophy thus obtained; for who of us have not resolved never to make the climb again, as we, at dusk, turned our face toward the camp, miles away, when we were so tired, hungry and keenly disappointed at not finding the owners of the feet whose tracks were to

be seen at every turn? The hard climb over dead and fallen trees, the careful foot work up rocky precipices, the rapid heart beats, the panting respiration, the dry tongue from high altitudes and mouth breathing, and the sweat-covered face and body are all vivid pictures painted on memory's canvas by the artist—experience.

Who would not endure these hardships for the thrills of excitement incident to witnessing a band of elk in their native haunts, a mountain sheep in his fearless and daring leaps over rock-walled mountain peaks in his flight for safety, or perchance a grizzly in his rapid, but awkward and lumbering gait over the dead and fallen trees! Thoughts like these with the pure, invigorating air give new life and renew one's hopes for better success in the future, and he is up early next morning and ready to make the climb "just one more time." In after years the hardships entailed, the difficulties overcome and the dangers braved are the most cherished memories of the trip.

This grass laden oasis, with its wall of a thousand feet in height, is accessible by trail only at two points. At the upper end of this meadow we turned to the south and up a small stream for a mile or two, then turned east again, following a faint elk trail and climbing some very steep places, passed through two or three miles of fine pine timber. Our camp site was on the right bank of a small stream coming from the northeast, just below its junction with another stream heading from

the highest mountain peak in that neighborhood. We made camp at two in the afternoon.

A bull elk, during bugling time, has his family troubles. He must keep a constant and watchful eye on the fickle and rollicking members of his harem, lest they desert him for a noisy rival. It is indeed interesting to see one of these antlered sultans with a large band of cows about him, in his antics among his admiring spouses, pawing the earth with his feet; again, with his head in a clump of stunted pines, tearing them to pieces with his horns as though they were an imaginary foe—in another instant, with his nose high in the air and his antlers over his shoulders, giving forth a defiant bugle to some rival bull elk on a distant mountain peak, and all the while keeping a jealous eye on the members of his household. If the band is frightened by an enemy, they are off in an instant, the master bull usually bringing up in the rear lest some cow elk should lag and stray from his flock. This herding disposition of the bull only too often leads to his destruction at the hands of the experienced hunter, who will wait patiently and watch for him at the rear of the fleeing band.

Schilling's (1906 *With Flashlight and Rifle*) in writing of this characteristic trait says of the water buck: "A species of antelope found in German East Africa. The females always give the alarm, the bucks forming the rear guards of the fugitive troops."

We left camp at five o'clock, P. M., and climbed

along a narrow, steep range of mountains to the timber line. Here we found beautiful grazing spots where the snows of the previous winter had last disappeared. In these grassy places numerous fresh elk signs were to be seen. It was "bugling time" of the year, and on the distant mountain sides could be heard the peculiar challenge of some majestic bull elk, as he surveyed his harem and defied his rivals to engage in a test of courage and strength to dethrone him. This challenge was invariably answered, either by his equal in power or by some weakling "five-pointer," who had been driven from the band by an older bull, or who having recognized his own weakness had involuntarily retired to a safe distance to await the coming of another point on his antlers, when he too could collect about himself a throng of admiring females and would then be able to enter into a more hopeful contest for supremacy.

While thus held spell-bound by the grand concert of these mountain buglers—whose stage was the rocky walled heights at timber line, the amphitheatre the depths of the dark canons, the seats, the mountain crags and the roof the blue dome of heaven—within a few hundred yards of us came the loud challenge of one of these mountain sultans. We were off in an instant, slowly, carefully and noiselessly creeping towards him, taking particular pains to keep in a direction that he could not "wind" us.

Just as we reached the timber line, where the pines were mere little bunches of stunted underbrush, my

guide whispered, "There he is." I had discovered him at the same instant. Surrounded as he was by his band of cows and calves, he looked "the monarch of the glen." With the gallantry of a true lover and noble lord, he slowly emerged from his cover, and while his lady loves made a hasty escape, his deliberation invited his own destruction. As he emerged into the opening I fired, aiming at his left shoulder. The ball, from a 45-70 Winchester, reached the spot exactly, but my aim was a little too far forward. At the next shot he fell to his knees, the guide remarking, "You certainly have him this time." As we approached him, he turned his noble head towards us, seeming to realize that we were the one enemy of whom, for ages, inheritance had installed him a fear above all others. With a desperate effort he bounded to his feet again and turned squarely toward us. His very attitude seemed to say, "Why should I be afraid of these mere pigmies, when I have so often vanquished greater foes?" This defiance was only temporary, for he immediately wheeled and started in the opposite direction, when a well directed shot brought him down for good. As I walked up to him, he raised his magnificent head crowned as it was by a headgear grander, more beautiful and more handsomely bedecked by Nature's jewels than that of royalty, and in his dying agony he gave forth a most defiant bugle that seemed to say that even in death there is victory.

He was a fine specimen, weighing fully one thousand





*"Is it right"?*

pounds. His antlers had six points, the crown points measuring twenty-one inches, the royals twenty-two; length of horns four feet six inches and spread four feet four inches. This head I had mounted and it now adorns the front hall of my home. As I stood and looked at this monarch of the Rockies, just where he fell on the crest of our continent on that beautiful September evening, as the sun was disappearing behind

the Tetons, sixty miles away, I really felt that I had committed a serious crime, and that I had selected one of God's grandest, most innocent and rarest creatures as my victim.

When the guide had removed the scalp and the head with its magnificent ornamentations, my eyes sorrowfully turned toward that thousand pounds of elk whose life I had taken, and I thought of the Iggorrotes at the World's Fair, who commanded so much attention because they were known as the uncivilized head hunters of the Pacific Islands.

Slowly and reflectively I found my way back to camp. That night, during my waking hours, I thought often, is it worth the price? Is it right?

The next morning after killing my big elk, Fred and I hunted up to the body of the elk, and I made a picture of him, just as he fell. We then put in a few hours in that vicinity without finding any fresh signs, and returned to the camp in time for dinner. H. P. and Fred went out again in the afternoon, while Charlie and I hunted to the northward, toward Buffalo Creek. We saw many fresh bear signs where bruin had been looking for his food. At one point he had turned over many logs and large flat stones in his search for bugs and mice. It is remarkable how these big animals evade the hunter, not even giving him a glance at their shaggy pelts as they steal away on his approach.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ELK AND WOLF FIGHTING. TETON MOUNTAINS. SNOW STORM. MY SECOND ELK.

I had the rare opportunity of witnessing a fight between a gray wolf and a spike bull elk one afternoon. It had been snowing very hard, a moist, soft snow that made traveling on foot very disagreeable, though noiseless. As I approached a little meadow on the right side of the mountain, just at the foot of the "rim rock," I saw a bull elk running in a circle of about one hundred feet in diameter, and in front of him was a wolf, keeping just far enough ahead to be out of danger. After keeping this up for five minutes, a larger and older bull made his appearance. The wolf, seeing this addition to the arena, beat a hasty retreat. The next day I killed a wolf in that vicinity, presumably the one I saw fighting the elk on the day before. I hunted this afternoon with Charley, and about four o'clock I had the opportunity of my life to witness the magnificent sight of the Tetons, sixty miles away, taking on their winter's garment the first of the season. As these grand, rocky peaks, with their points projected fourteen thousand feet into space were being robed in this shroud of Nature's purest white, it seemed especially fitting as they appeared nearest heaven. While the sun was

shining brightly where we were hunting, this undertaker,—the snow god—was clothing these distant peaks for their annual death slumber. I thought of the eons during which this grand panorama had been produced, and how rarely it had been witnessed by the eyes of man. The silent grandeur of this pantomime by Nature's actors must be seen to be appreciated. While thus enchantingly watching this embalming process of Nature, the sun disappeared, and large flakes of snow began to fall. Such were the size of these pulverized ice sheets that it reminded me of myriads of damp cigarette papers turned loose from the clouds to gently pave the earth and hanging, as they did, from every pine cone and needle, the scene was quickly converted into one vast world filled with Christmas trees, decorated with tinsel and gorgeously bedecked candelabra. Amid scenes like this, one is richly paid for the hardships endured in negotiating difficult trails and mountain passes.

We were slowly going toward camp, the snow making our footsteps noiseless, when I saw something jump quickly into an opening eighty yards away. I fired, knowing that it was a game animal of some kind. When I reached the spot I found that I had killed a large gray wolf. We removed his pelt and with it his head and continued our tramp toward camp, which we reached about dusk.

Twilight in the Rockies is only a subdued flash, filling the gap between day and night. We found that the snow, now six inches deep, had hidden all our pro-

visions and cooking utensils, and that our bedding was water logged, as we did not take a tent with us on this little side trip from our main camp at the fork of the Buffalo. Our elk tenderloin was snowed under, our bacon was frozen, the coffee was filled with snow and the fire extinguished. Accepting the situation as a legitimate part of the primitive surroundings, we soon had a fire started and supper under way. It was now dark as a coal mine, still snowing, and we had not the semblance of a tent in which to sleep, and to add to our discomfort and anxiety, our hunting partners had not returned. The invigorating effect of good camp coffee was never better tested than on this occasion. After supper we cut pine boughs for our beds and rigged up a "lean to" with saddle blankets. About nine o'clock H. P. and Fred arrived, hungry, tired and disgusted at their poor success in getting a big elk that was badly wounded.

I have never slept more soundly in my life than in that improvised bed chamber. During the night the clouds cleared away and the full moon with its snow reflections made a scene of marble beauty unsurpassed.

What a pleasure it is to sleep in the bosom of the unhoused night, with the unlimited blue dome above you, studded with stars like myriads of arc lights winking you to sleep.

The elk that had been feeding high in the mountains, taking warning of this harbinger of winter and hidden grasses, busied themselves in getting to lower altitudes.



Several times during the night we could hear them passing, some in pairs, some in herds, and a single elk, perchance driven from the band, would occasionally go strolling by.

Wednesday, the 18th, we hunted in this vicinity for a few hours, but noticing that all the elk tracks were going down the mountain toward our Buffalo fork camp, we pulled out after them. We had traveled about two miles through some very heavy pine timber and were just emerging into an open glade, when half a dozen cow elk started across this open space with a good sized bull, bearing six point antlers, following. Fred jumped from his horse and called to me to do the same, which I had already done. I fired two shots, both reaching the mark. This elk fell in his tracks



*A pause at timber line.*

with the last shot, the ball hitting him in the neck. It was one hundred and eighty yards from where I stood to the point where he fell. I photographed him, removed the scalp and head and selected the best part of the animal for our camp meat. With nothing more of special interest occurring on our way, we arrived at our permanent camp at six that afternoon, where we found Ben awaiting our return.

The next morning was clear and cool, and the stillness of this mountainous seclusion was marvelous, as the neighing of a pony was echoed from peak to canon and back again, until the sound was so diluted by space that its resonance was lost in the distance. We hunted faithfully all day without finding any game.

The next morning H. P. decided that he would not hunt, so the guides took a long trip, but without success. During the day I took "Sport," the dog, and a "twenty two," and went two miles up the mountain to kill some grouse, or "fool hens," as they are called. The latter name is applied to this bird because of the silly habit it has of alighting on a limb near the ground and permitting itself to be stoned or clubbed to death by anyone who can throw accurately or long enough to accidentally hit it. I killed a number while on this trip by hitting them with stones.

While looking for grouse, I discovered fresh bear signs, both grizzly and black. I hurried back to camp and secured my 45-70 Winchester and returned, but was never able to get a glimpse of the bear, and presume

from subsequent events that it was a good thing for me that I did not run across "Old Four Toes." Such it proved, afterwards, to be, yet I would have gladly taken a shot at the old fellow. The next week, Fred returned to the same spot and found this old bear, and how he killed it is best told in his own language, as published in "Outdoor Life," for April, 1906.



## CHAPTER VII.

### YELLOWSTONE RIVER CAMP. MORE ELK. HOMEWARD BOUND.

WE broke camp and started toward the Yellowstone River, where we expected to camp for a few days and hunt on the head waters of this stream. We camped about four miles from Bridger lake, just south of Hawk's Rest Mountain. During the day we saw three large, black bears, but they were about a mile away and running for dear life, so we did not try to overtake them. We remained here three days, hunting in various directions, seeing a great many elk. The only big horn sheep signs discovered while on this trip were near this camp. We also saw five moose while here, but as they are protected by the Wyoming game law, they were not disturbed. In this vicinity we added to our larder some of the finest venison I have ever tasted. Just under the towering shadow of this tall mountain, H. P. secured a fine seven point elk.

It began raining that day, and continued a slow drizzle all night. H. P. and I having our limit on elk, and it not being a sheep, goat or deer territory, we broke camp and turned our horses' heads toward home. We camped that night near Castle Rock and Ishwood



*Our camp on the Yellow Stone River.*

Cone, the latter being the highest peak within a radius of sixty miles.

The next day we crossed Ishwood Pass and made camp on Ishwood Creek, about four o'clock. The guides made a side trip this afternoon and killed a fair sized elk. During the night, H. P. was awakened by a noise near his tent. The next morning an investigation showed that a good-sized "bobcat" had visited his tent and made an effort to get at something to eat. The tracks were undoubtedly "bob" tracks.

The following morning our last day's pack was begun and a pack over Ishwood Hill is no small undertaking. Days of hunting and minor hardships had not in the least dimmed the picture of the terrible climb we had made on the out-going trip. The down-going we found



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was, if anything, more difficult and dangerous than the up-hill climb. The rocks in many places were wet, and the horses' shoes were either off or so slick as to be of very little service to them, but we had only one mishap. A little iron gray pony lost her footing and slipped backward into a trough-like depression, sliding a hundred feet, yet stopping within ten feet of a precipice, five hundred feet deep. She regained her feet, neighed appealingly to the more fortunate members of the pack, and climbed back into the trail.

We reached the "Judge's" about five o'clock, and to call his home a paradise is expressing it mildly. We had been in the mountains four weeks and had not seen anyone save our own party and one or two game wardens.

We camped at his place and the next day we drove into Cody and took the train for home, arriving in Kansas City two days later. Thus ended one of the most enjoyable of my many outing trips.

Tired from the hardships of the journey, but thoroughly rested from professional routine, I was ready and anxious to get back into the harness again. Dear reader, if you would fully appreciate the many things enjoyed from an outing of this kind, I beg of you, take one.

## THE TRAIL

To "H. P."

I am tired of the asphalt streets o'er which we daily go,  
Am longing for the hunting trail—the trail we used to  
know.

I don't want any smooth roads or vehicles rubber tired,  
I don't want any horses with high titles or nobly sired.  
I want the trail a-winding amid high mountain crags,  
And a train of pack cayuses with stout and sturdy legs.

I don't want a liveried driver with uniform so grand,  
I don't want a procession led by a noisy band.

I want the old wrangler with his style so queer and  
quaint,

I want to see the pictures that no artist e'er can paint.  
Ishwood trail, Two Ocean Pass, are good enough for me—  
Here wedded dew-drops separate, each one to find a sea.

At night, the trailing completed, while sitting by the fire,  
The whole world seems a playhouse, what more could  
we desire?

The hunting trips of years ago, with pleasures are re-  
viewed,

With many plans for next year's trip, our spirits are  
imbued.

I can see the sparks ascending through the halo of the  
night—

On each peak a star is anchored, like a bright electric  
light.

Ah, listen to the music, sweet, of the wild among the  
trees!

'Tis a song of glorious freedom, and do just as you please  
Lay aside your high collar, your tie and your cuffs,  
Come with me along the trail to the Rockie's highest  
bluffs;

'Tis there the sun shines brightest, the air is pure and  
sweet,

There earth and heaven in Nature's bridal chamber  
almost meet.

When the last cayuse is loaded, ready for the final start,  
I want our trails to be the same, or not very far apart.  
May there be no smooth, slide rock or passes very high,  
When we start on the final trail to the camp beyond  
the sky.

All fallen timber in the trail, may the good angels  
remove,

That the journey to permanent camp may be nice and  
smooth.

May Game Warden, Saint Peter, welcome us as his  
guests—

When we camp with him, the game will get a rest.



NEW BRUNSWICK



## CHAPTER VIII.

A MOOSE AND CARIBOU HUNT IN NEW BRUNSWICK.  
SOME TRAITS OF THE MOOSE. COW MOOSE KILLED  
BY MISTAKE. SOME AMUSING EXPERIENCES.

EARLY September, 1900, found H. P. Wright and me on our way to New Brunswick to hunt moose and caribou. We had selected a desirable location and some good guides. It is five days' travel from Kansas City to the locality where we made this hunt. As a hunting trip this was not very successful, yet one must be prepared to have failures on hunting trips, and he should be able to meet these disappointments with as few regrets as possible. One is amply repaid on these trips, for does he not get as much benefit and pleasure from his travels as any tourist?

That portion of the Province in which we hunted was settled two hundred years ago, and one would naturally expect to find it barren of all game, however, such is not the case. For many years the game, once almost exterminated, has been increasing. The game laws are quite strict and well enforced. This country at one time was heavily timbered with pine and spruce, but the timber has been practically all cut. The country is not an agricultural one, as only a few farm products can be profitably raised here, hence the farmers

are abandoning their homes, moving west or to the cities, and giving up the country to the moose, caribou and other wild game. Since the heavy timber has all been milled, the young pines have sprung up as thick as it is possible for them to thrive. This makes splendid moose ground. Much of the country is low, open heaths, full of boggy places, which furnish the best of feeding grounds for the moose, and the moss that



*The outgoing tide in the Bay of Fundy leaves many vessels setting in the mud at the wharves.*

covers the whole of the open country is ideal feed for the caribou.

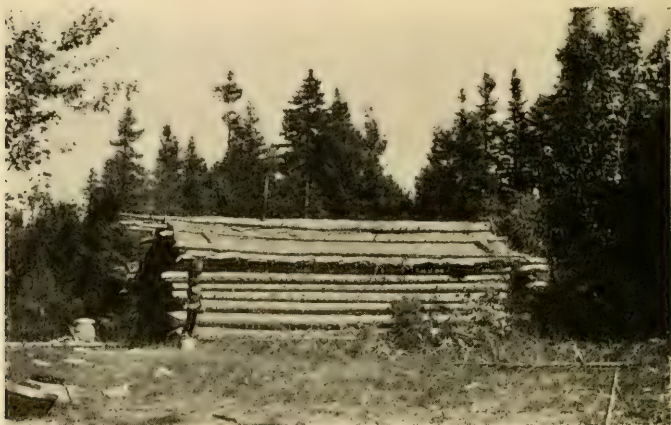
I was informed by a guide that twenty years ago there was not a moose for miles about his place. He told me of going ten miles on one occasion, just to look at the tracks of a moose where it had crossed the road. A moose's tracks were then a curiosity. Now the moose are so plentiful there that they are a menace during the summer to successful gardening. The cows and young bulls walk in plain view, leisurely, across the gardens of some of the farmers, and appear to have little fear of the family. The day I was in Moncton, a full grown bull moose passed through the center of the town and swam the Pettikodiac River, landing safely on the opposite shore.

The tide from the Bay of Fundy runs into the Pettikodiac River at Moncton, fifty to sixty feet high. It is a great sight to see the bore come in. It is a solid wall of water many feet high and two miles across, that rolling up the river from the bay. Large ocean going steamers land at Moncton during the high tide, and they *land* in *reality* with the out-going of the tide. Good sized vessels may be seen with their hulls buried in the mud of the river bed after the tide recedes.

We were met at the depot by the guides. They had a two horse wagon, and our journey began to their home. It was indeed a slow gait that these people traveled, only about two miles an hour, and it took us most of the day to go eighteen miles. The next morning we hired a

cook and one more guide. I don't know why we needed a guide, at all, as they were lost most of the time we were in the woods. These guides and cooks were a most loyal set of fellows, plain and simple in their hospitality, with no idea of graft like some guides I have met. Their charges were very reasonable, and their services freely and faithfully rendered.

To any one looking for genuine primitive methods, I know of no better place to find the same than in this locality. The roads in this section are mostly old logging roads, long since abandoned. They are lined with overhanging vines, pine trees and alder brush. Long years of disuse and the rains have converted these once busy thoroughfares, for the most part, into veritable dry ditches, making them almost impassible. These people know nothing about pack horses and their value in camping outfits. Time and again we were compelled to rebuild bridges across small streams, and on one day we traveled in the bed of a good sized stream for ten miles. In many places the water was up to the wagon bed, but most of the way the drive was over a layer of slick cobble stones, covered with about a foot of swiftly flowing clear water. This stream was practically barren of fish. Only a few small trout were seen on the whole trip. Part of this river journey was made on foot by most of our party. On our way to camp, we saw a small black bear ambling across an old, abandoned meadow. Our guns had been put snugly away in the bottom of the wagon, hence bruin went on



*A moose hunter's home in New Brunswick.*

his way undisturbed, and soon disappeared in the thick underbrush.

A little before sunset we arrived at our camp. A good camp site in this flat country is hard to find, as the whole country is one flat, boggy expanse with an occasional little knoll. The place where our cabin was located was on a little rise about ten feet higher than the surrounding country. As soon as the horses were unhitched, one of the guides suggested that we go down to the bog and look for moose. About a half mile from our cabin was a swamp about two miles across, in the center of which was a body of open water of many acres. The whole bog was covered with cranberry bushes and peat moss. In many places by keeping on the move you could travel over this springy surface,



but the instant you stopped walking you could feel your feet slowly sinking into this mass of wet sponges. How deep you would sink would be hard to conjecture, as on several occasions I thrust sticks ten feet or more downward without striking the bottom. How a big, heavy, narrow-hoofed, long-legged animal like a moose can plow through these bogs is a mystery to me, yet they will plunge through them at a rate of speed far beyond one's expectations. This bog was a favorite feeding place for moose, as great patches of lily pads were to be found in the water. A moose will go a long way for a few of these succulent, tender shoots. He will wade into the water up to his belly, and plunge his head out of sight into the water and mud to get a mouthful of these pads. While in this camp I had ample opportunity to study the moose, his habits and table manners, while eating. Of this I will speak later.

When we arrived at the edge of the bog, much to our surprise and gratification we saw four big moose feeding on the opposite side of the bog. By the aid of our glasses we could see that one was a very large bull, with a wide spread of broad palmated antlers. This, indeed, was encouraging—four moose in sight within a half hour of our arrival in camp. We quickly planned our course of attack. I was to take a guide and circle the bog to the south, while H. P. was to go leisurely to the north. It was at least three miles around the bog from where we started to the moose. This bog is practically circular in its outlines, with a fringe of tim-

ber skirting its whole circumference. This timber belt is about two hundred yards broad. On all sides of the timber is an open heath with not a tree on its level surface. These heaths are covered with a caribou moss, several feet in thickness. This caribou moss reminds one of millions of large sized buggy sponges, piled over a bed of sticky mud, the whole saturated in water and densely populated with mosquitoes. We realized that we would have to travel very fast to reach the moose before it was too dark to shoot. At every step we would sink to our knees in the moss, making the trip laborious from the start. I would look around



*Interior of our cabin. (Photo by "H. P.")*

to see where my last track was made, but could see only what looked like some low form of animal taking in a breath to full expansion and blowing out a few air bubbles, then all was as quiet and trackless as though the moss had not been disturbed.

Mountain climbing, surrounded by grand scenery, is truly a dream of ease and beauty as compared to the tiresome trudging through these unpoetical peat bogs. Time and again I was compelled to pause to get my breath, let my heart have a little rest, mop my face and kill a few hundred voracious mosquitoes that seemed to recognize me as a full blooded stranger in those parts. When we arrived at a point about opposite the place where we had seen the moose feeding, the guide said to me, "There they go!" I looked up and about three hundred yards away were four moose running in single file, the largest one in the bunch being in the rear. The guide remarked, "Shoot the last one, he is the big bull." at the same time making ready to fire. I took good aim and fired at the same time the guide did, and the moose straightened up on his hind heels and pitched over backwards and remained perfectly quiet. My joy at having killed a moose within an hour after reaching camp may be surmised. I shouted, threw up my hat, laid down, rolled over, and did many seemingly foolish things that any hunter would have done under similar circumstances. We were soon alongside of the moose. On our way to the carcass, after the shooting, both laid claims to being the one who had killed the

moose. I remember we both told how carefully we had aimed, and how sure each was of the accuracy of his shooting. Of course, the guide had no business shooting, but I told him I wanted the scalp and horns of that moose, this being said to him while we were stalking around the bog. Before we reached the moose, he told me of course I could have the trophy. He also told me how a hunter of the year before gave him twenty-five dollars for killing a moose for him, and I at that time said I thought it cheap, but that I was sure I had killed the one we had just been shooting at. If you are a big game hunter, dear reader, you know how fast you can talk and walk when going from the spot from where you shot at the animal to where it fell. Well, we walked and talked fast that day.

I felt real sorry for H. P., who was within hearing of our guns, because I had killed a big moose so soon after getting to the hunting grounds, and he would probably have to trudge through the swamps for several weeks to get his moose. I could, in my fancy, see the big, broad spread of palmated antlers hanging in my den, and could almost hear my voice, as I related to my friends how easily I had secured the trophy. These and many other exhilarating thoughts along the same line passed quickly through my mind, while walking toward the dead moose. When we arrived within a few yards of the carcass, the guide exclaimed, "Doc, *you* have killed a cow moose!" Sure enough the animal had no horns, although six feet tall and old enough





*"Doc, you have killed a cow moose."*

to have had a record pair. The altitude of my spirits fell far below the zero point immediately, and I was equally as generous as the guide in my disposition to divide the honors with him. In fact, it would not have required much persuasion for me to have relinquished all claims to any part of the good shooting.

I am a firm believer in protecting the females of all game animals and I would be the last one to kill a cow moose, intentionally. I would get as much or more pleasure from killing a family Jersey cow. This was an unfortunate incident and appeared to be absolutely unavoidable. The mistake occurred in this manner: After we began our stalk that day, another moose walked out of the fringe of timber into the bog, making five moose in sight of H. P. and the other guide. When



they started to run out of the bog, the big bull instead of going with the bunch, circled to the left into the timber where we could not see him, and this made us certain that the big one in the rear was the bull that we had seen with the others. It was late in the day and a slow drizzle had set in, making it hard to see a pair of horns three hundred yards away.

What to do next was quickly decided upon, and that was to cut some small cedars and stick them about the carcass so that no one could see the results of the unfortunate, unintentional and unavoidable accident. The next day I visited the carcass and found it so swollen that the sides were protruding above the tops of the cedars, I cut tall cedars and stuck them into the soft heath and left, feeling quite sure the mistake was well concealed. Two days later, I visited the spot again, and to my horror I could see four feet sticking above the cedars, as the body of the moose had sunk in the moss and turned turtle. I cut the legs off at the knees and elbows, took a final look at the little green oasis of stunted cedars in that barren heath, and bid farewell to that locality.

As we took our departure the next morning I could see a flock of buzzards slowly circling high in the bright sky over the heath near the bog. I wonder what they were looking at!

While in this camp we saw many fresh bear signs, but no bears. The only way a bear could be captured here, unless by accident, would be by trapping or with

dogs. The underbrush of alders and willows is so thick that these jungles are almost impenetrable to man, yet a full-grown moose will go through this arboreal skein like a "cotton tail" through a briar patch.

We saw many moose on this trip and could have killed several, but as we wanted only good trophies, we did not shoot at them, after the unpleasant accident above mentioned. Many young bulls and cows were seen almost daily, but we made no effort to kill them, yet we were living on salt bacon and were craving fresh meat.



*As we took our departure a flock of buzzards could be seen high in the air.*

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE MOOSE AND SOME OF HIS TRAITS. MOOSE CALLING.

THE question as to whether a bull moose can be called to the hunter by the efforts of the guide to imitate a cow moose is not settled, as yet, in the minds of many hunters. I had ample opportunities on this trip to satisfy myself that during the rutting season the bull moose will come to the call by an experienced and skilled caller. On several occasions the guide succeeded in enticing young bulls to come within shooting distance of our blind, and, twice, old bulls answered to the calls and ventured to within smelling distance of our hiding-place, but quietly slipped away after getting our wind.

I don't know whether they come because of the strange noise they hear, or whether they actually are fooled into the belief that it is a cow moose bellowing. I never heard a cow moose bellow, so I cannot tell how much the noise these guides make through the birch-bark horns resembles the call of the cow. The pounding of a stick on a dead log may act just as well to entice the love mad animals to come to you, according to the opinion of some hunters, but I am a firm believer in the cow moose signal, as a means to get the bull within shooting range. It requires no little skill and much

practice to make a good caller. A thorough knowledge of the cow moose's love note is necessary, and too frequent, too loud or a false note may drive the bull away from, instead of toward the hunter.

The calling is done through a birch-bark megaphone. The sound, as made by these guides, is a dreamy, prolonged, wail-like, low-pitched, nasal tone, accented at the end of the call. This is repeated every ten or fifteen minutes until a response from the bull is heard, then fewer calls are made as he approaches. The answer from the bull reminds one of the croaking of a bull frog that has suspected approaching danger. As the bull gets closer to the caller, he becomes suspicious and will often come up to within three hundred yards of the hunter and then make a half circle in order to get on the up wind side. An old bull is very wise, and it requires a good caller to put him in the open quickly.

A moose cow is the ugliest, most ungainly and idiotic looking beast I have ever seen in the woods. I saw one coming down a logging road one evening just before sundown, and decided to see how close she would venture to me. I was in plain view of her as she approached. She stopped within sixty yards of where I was standing, and in a dreamy, semi-conscious way took a good look at me. Occasionally she would work her long, mule-like ears back and forth and look up the road in an inquiring way. She stood with her fore feet about three feet apart, and even then her shoulders were so much higher than her hips that she re-

minded me of a mule-colored giraffe. I put my rifle vertically in front of me, and began moving it from side to side slowly advancing toward her. She appeared to be completely hypnotized, so intently and fixedly did she gaze at my antics as I approached her. When within thirty steps of her, it occurred to me that if she should suddenly decide to attack me, I might have to shoot another cow moose, and just at that time I was unusually impressed with the idea that a cow moose should not be killed. I was really afraid that she was going to attack me, as she raised her hair like a porcupine and stamped a front foot. I yelled at her as loudly as I could, at which she wheeled about and disappeared like a dissolving cloud. Her departure was as noiseless as if she had taken wings.

Of all the localities in which I have hunted, this was the easiest in which to get lost. Every tree, clump of alders, heath of bog looked exactly like the other. The only time in my life I felt as if I were lost was at this camp. I had followed a logging road for about four miles from our camp. I was alone that day, and I decided to make a cut off on my return trip, in doing so I crossed my outgoing trail about a mile from the camp without recognizing it. This put me to the north of the trail going east and west. After traveling a mile or so north, I decided that the old trail must be south of me, so I turned around and started south. I was using a compass when I found the trail, but my tracks were going the wrong direction for my out-going jour-





*A beaver dam.*

ney. I decided to follow them anyway, and when I found myself I had followed my own tracks to the point where I left the trail to make the cut-off when I started to return to camp. It was dark, or I should have discovered my mistake earlier. I recognized a large tree that had fallen across the road at the point where I turned back. It was four miles to camp and as dark as it could be, but by feeling for the wagon ruts, I was able to reach it. I was tired and hungry and glad to see the campfires that night.

While at this place I visited a colony of beavers, and had the rare opportunity of seeing these artisans of the animal kingdom engaged in the work of constructing a new dam across a small stream. They go about their work in the most matter-of-fact way of any ani-

imals I have ever seen. Their dam had been cut the year before by some telephone pole cutters, and the beaver were busily engaged in replacing it before winter set in, that their winter food supply might be sunk in the deep water above the dam, where they could get at it beneath the ice from their dens in the nearby banks.

I saw a few deer while on this trip, but as they were all hornless, I decided not to shoot any of them. If my observation was correct, there must have been a lot of marriageable females among the animals of that vicinity that were not liable during that season to meet a mate. I am sure that out of the number of moose seen on this trip there must have been at least eighty per cent of them females.

It seems almost incredible that within a few months these great palmated moose antlers will grow, shed the velvet and drop off, only to be replaced by a new set by the next mating season.

These connecting links between the modern animal and pre-historic monsters are the largest survivors of their ancient relatives. Their very ungainliness is sufficient to make them appear picturesque. Their uncouthness is intensified by the very fact that no other animal, existing today, resembles them. They stand alone in their glory of palmated antlers, long, disproportionate legs and protruding, bulbous upper lip and hooked nose. Standing as he does when at bay, with a spread of antlers sixty to eighty inches, with his shaggy beard (bell) hanging half-way to his knees, with

his long, ill-defined colored hair all turned the wrong way, his eyes the very emblems of anger and courage; the moose makes a foe, one may well avoid, unless prepared to destroy him with one of the modern high-power repeating rifles.

In spite of his ugly appearance, we cannot help admiring him for his courage and the valor which he displays in protecting the members of his family from the attacks of hungry wolves and other destroyers of his family circle.

In Europe he was known by the name of elk, the name we use in America for the round-horned wapitti. The cow is an ugly, dumb looking, expressionless creature, lacking all of the traits of stateliness so marked in the bull. She is a mother in every sense of the word, sacrificing all else for the love and protection of her young. Although stupid looking, it is she who on most occasions gives the alarm to her lordly spouse when man or other dangers threaten his safety. Their fondness for water is so well known that it is hardly worth the space to mention it. Their characteristics in swampy ground are not so thoroughly understood. They will wade into soft, boggy places up to their bellies while in search of lily pads and other succulent water plants, and the ease with which they plow their way through the mud would astonish anyone who had not witnessed them while making their escape from the marshes when they hear or smell the approach of suspected enemies. You can hear the thuds of their

long legs, as they are pulled out of the mud, for two or three miles, on a cold, frosty, still morning. The moose is reckless in his disregard of dead and down timber and thickly wooded places, tearing through them with the velocity and power of a cyclone, crashing and breaking limbs and logs in an incredible manner.

The bull is a fickle lord, as he is wont to bestow his affections upon many sylvan dames. However, he is not to be called away from his rightful spouse while she pours into his ears her wooing words of admiration and her threats of desertion, if he should prove false. If you do not believe this statement, I ask you to use all your skill as a moose caller in trying to coax him away from his family circle. He may answer your call with his w-a-u-a-h, w-a-u-a-h, and even approach you, but just let him come close enough for you to hear the following cow give him her opinion on the call, or her ideas on a moose deserting his family, and I assure you he will soon become quiet and repentant and skulk away without giving you a close shot at his henpecked sides.

We saw many caribou signs while on this trip, but did not secure a specimen. These untamed reindeer are a peculiar animal in many ways. In some parts of British America and Alaska herds of many thousand may be found, feeding among the bogs and peat beds.

BRITISH COLUMBIA





## CHAPTER X.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA HUNT AFTER MOUNTAIN SHEEP, GOATS AND BEAR.

IN company with Frank Hodges, of Olathe, Kansas, I made a trip to British Columbia, in 1907. We left the Canadian Pacific at Ashcroft, B. C., taking one of the really delightful stages of the company furnishing transportation to Barkersville, two hundred and eighty miles north. This stage trip is made in four days.

Having engaged passage the night before, we were told to be ready to start by three o'clock, A. M. The landlord of the Hotel Ashcroft awakened us promptly. We had arranged all our baggage the night before, to prevent delay. We were ready to start on time, and sallied forth to be picked up by a British Columbian fresh from the Arctic breeze. This little unpleasantness did not worry us, but when we had to stand on the street for four hours, waiting for the driver to hitch up, our patience was taxed a little bit, I must admit.

A ride in one of the old-time coaches with six horses on a dead run around some of the winding places in the road a thousand feet above some rushing stream, was, on many occasions, disposed to make one a little sea-sick, if not a trifle nervous.

Our first day's travel from Ashcroft to Lillooet, our

outfitting point, was made in eight hours, the distance being seventy miles. This trip was one of the most picturesque stage journeys I have ever made. The road is a government highway and is kept in fine repair. For many miles the roaring and dangerous Frazier River is followed by this highway in its windings in and out of deep gorges. This stream flows more water than the Missouri, yet is not navigable, owing to the rapids and falls. Its water is the color of milked coffee, owing to the volcanic ash and glacial flour that is constantly sliding from its precipitous banks.

Lillooet, our outfitting point, is a little village of much notoriety, a few white people and many Chinamen. It was here that placer mining was discovered as early as 1849, and at one time Lillooet had a population of



*We outfitted in Lillooet.*

five thousand souls. I found here the most sociable and hospitable people I have ever met on any of my hunting trips.

I had engaged W. G. C. Manson as our guide. "Bill," as he is called, is one of the most noted guides today living in British Columbia. A few words about this great hunter will not be amiss at this time. He is a fourth breed Cree Indian. His father was of Scotch descent and a Hudson Bay Company factor. He was born in the Peace River country near the Arctic Circle. He has been a hunter and trapper all his life, and what he does not know of the habits of the game in that country would not make a large book. Among the notables who have hunted with him as their guide may be mentioned: Admiral Seymour, Lord Powell Clayton and Senator Penrose.

While at Lillooet we had some very fine trout and salmon fishing. Seaton Lake is three miles away. From this lake Seaton River has its source. This stream is a hundred feet in width and is only three miles in length to its entrance in the Frazier. It is a clear water stream and is noted for the salmon that annually go up it to Seaton Lake to spawn. The Canadian government has a fish hatchery at the lake exit of the river. A double row of fingered traps, extending across the stream permits the fish to go upward at the lower trap and downward at the upper trap. This collects the fish from both sources, but mostly, of course, from below, in this space between the traps, which are one-



*The Barkerville limited.*

half mile apart. It is indeed a great sight to stand on the broad runway in mid-stream and watch the salmon in their frantic efforts to get above the upper trap. The egg-laden females are caught and "milked" and the eggs fertilized in the hatching troughs at the hatchery. The salmon are then thrown back into the streams to be washed away. Like all the salmon going up these streams, none return to the ocean alive. The salmon's life story, although very interesting, is too long to be recited here.

We were told that these fish would not take the fly, but they did, as I can verify by the fish warden, if necessary. We caught three fine specimens within an hour. Forty-five minutes of that hour were occupied by me in landing one fish. We gave the fish to a Si-



wash family, camping near the lake. The wild, mad rushes of one of the salmon I hooked, I have never seen excelled by any fish save the muskalonge of the Northern Minnesota lakes. The trout would not take the fly in this big river trap as the salmon eggs were too plentiful, but a mile below, they were ravenously hungry. They were of the Dolly Varden species with pointed heads and light colored spots.

Cut-throat trout—*Salmon Clarkii*—are black spotted trout. Back and sides halfway down golden yellow, slightly oblong black spots from mouth to tip of tail. Peculiar blood-red margin on the edge of the gills gives this fish the name of cut-throat.

Manson had engaged two Lillooet Indians as camp helpers. The Indians of this province, like all of those in the northwestern country, are called Siwashes, regardless of the special tribal name. This particular Siwash bunch is known as Lillooets. The condition of these poor, superstitious, ignorant and lazy natives illustrates the same indomitable disposition of the white race to obliterate all color lines by extermination, when possible. Black approaches the indelible most closely, and even this color today has many yellow streaks. These Indians are a shiftless set, but show much more thrift than our western plains Indians. They live by hunting and fishing. The banks of the Frazier River during the salmon run in August and September are lined with these aborigines, with their crude dip nets, patiently sitting on some projecting rock, hour after

hour, waiting for the madly rushing salmon on their way to the spawning beds in the little streams, hundreds of miles from the ocean. The fish, when caught, are halved and hung up to dry. I have visited a number of these native fishermen and have seen them in all their filth and squalor. It is indeed pathetic, but what are we going to do about it? The survival of the fittest (fightest) will bring the answer in the near future.

We had three of these natives with us on this hunting trip, as horse tenders and cook. I did not think it possible for civilized white men within a few weeks to retrograde to such an extent as to approach closely to aboriginal practices. Our cook thought nothing of using a horse blanket for a table cloth or a saddle stir-



*A British Columbia through freight.*

rup to pound a tough venison steak with, and strange as it may seem, we were Indian enough to eat that steak with a relish from a tin plate on this same horse blanket. Mountain climbing, sunshine and fresh air beget an appetite that leads to an acute attack of table refinement opacity.

The language (?) of these Indians reminds one of a hound-dog eating hot mush. They understand it all. Some of the words are a mixture of French and Siwash and can be interpreted and spoken by a white man, but most of it can be used only by being born with the "slush" accent in the mouth. Some of their utterances make one feel uneasy, lest he strangle.

The names of our Indians were, "Creekwah" and "Bonaparte." "Creek" was low, heavy-set, with wide mouth, broad face, high cheek bones, and an open faced grin. He had an enormous appetite and unlimited capacity. "Bony" was slim, agile, a hard hunter, but a poor shot. He was a good horse wrangler and partial to good things to eat, with no hesitancy in helping himself to the very best.

The day we left Lillooet, "Billy" employed an extra Indian, a Chilcootin, to guide us to a new and good sheep country, which he said was near his home. Alexander was his name. I presume that he is—like a historical Alec—weeping at this moment, unless he has discovered a new bunch of hunters to feed him and accompany him on his way home, paying him well for the privilege. He was of a tribe living a hundred and



*"Billie" Manson, the noted guide.*



*A sun-set scene on the Frazier River.*

fifty miles north of Lillooet. I protested against employing this Indian, as I did not like his looks. He looked the part of a villain. I refused to let him go into the woods while we were hunting, as he took a great fancy to my gun, and would, on every chance, pick it up and admire it by gestures. He could not speak English. It will be seen later how well grounded were my suspicions of this traitor to his new-made friends.

We were going on a long and difficult trip to navigate trail, necessitating good, stout horses with newly put on sharp shoes. A complete horse-shoeing outfit and extra shoes were taken along with us. The trails along the Frazier and Bridge rivers are especially hard on horses' shoes, as there are so many slide rock mountain sides to go along. The intense cold of the long win-



ters and the extreme heat of the mid-day summer sun keep up a constant flaking of the friable exposed rocks. These clips pile up on the mountain slopes many feet deep and hundreds of yards down the mountain. These rock slides are the dread of all hunters, as a horse stumbling may start a rock avalanche of no small proportions. I have seen tons of these rocks rush down the mountain side carrying everything movable before them.

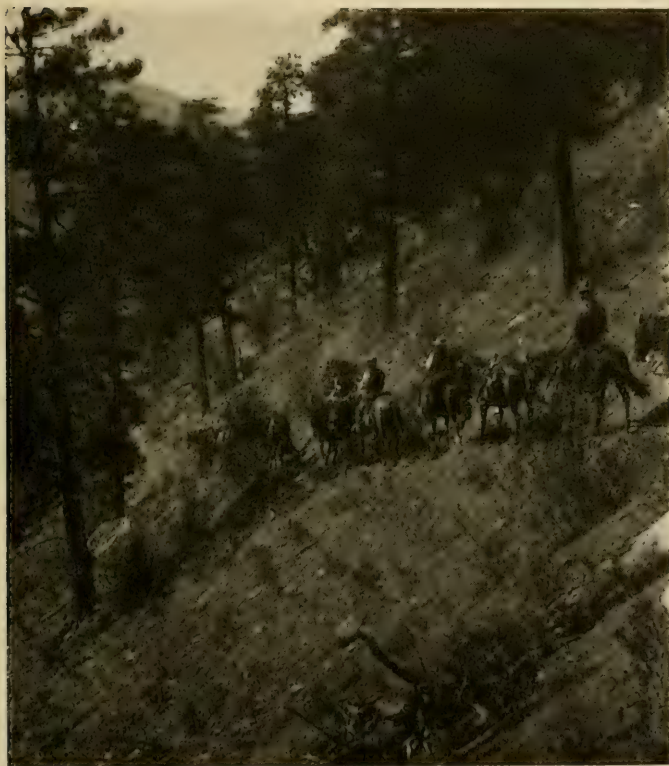
These Indians have no idea of promptness in keeping an appointment. A two days' delay is of no consequence to them, especially if, while waiting, they are drawing their salary.

After three days spent in getting together the Indians and the other duffle, we started on our seven days' journey to the newly discovered (?) *Alexanderian* sheep



*It is indeed pathetic, but what are we going to do about it?*

country. This jaunt reminded me of the foolish equine known as "Thompson's colt," that swam a river of clear water to get a drink from a mud hole on the other shore. Good sheep hunting, I later learned, could be had within a day's travel of Lillooet. Our expenses for "Bill," sixteen head of horses and his tamed war-



*"Alex" trailed us toward his sheep pasture.*

riors was only thirty-two dollars per day. Why should we care if we did go out of our way fifteen or twenty days? Were we not getting value received? Did we not have the pleasure of seeing the Indians eat? This was an almost continuous performance. The show was a good one to a person who enjoys seeing the animals fed at a circus. Horse hunting always forms an important part of the pack train hunters' duty, and this trip was not an exception, as we had sixteen head of pack and saddle animals. A horse wrangler's duties are many and arduous. We had a remarkable good bunch of horses, and as a rule, they were very home-like in their attachments for each new camp, but occasionally we would have to lay up a half day while finding and driving in the pack. We kept a bell on one old-timer. This horse knew his place in the procession and would fight vigorously any horse that undertook to usurp his rights. The tall grass surrounding our camping sites was always saturated with dew in the early morning, or if there was frost it soon melted, making the early morning horse or other hunting on foot equivalent to wading in an ice cold stream, knee deep.

## CHAPTER XI.

INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. TRAILS IN THE CASCADES. KILLED LYNX. PORCUPINES. MOUNTAIN SHEEP AND HIS HABITS.

POOR B. C. Lo has his troubles served up to him about the same in B. C. as in the U. S. His game and fish have gone the usual route, and he is doomed to follow them. I sincerely trust that his dreams of the happy hunting grounds may come true. If they should I wager that some white man will be there awaiting their arrival. The horses were the best lot I ever saw on the trail. Bill was kind to them and they were a docile, obedient bunch of pack animals.

As we left Lillooet we passed many old placer mines, most of which had long since been washed out. Occasionally we would see some lone Chinaman with his pan, diligently washing the sand on the banks of the Frazier. Here and there, perched on projecting rocks on the river bank, a solitary Indian was seen sitting as quietly as a fish hawk, net in hand, patiently waiting and watching for the few straggling sock-eye salmon that had escaped the gauntlet of the white man's modern salmon traps down the stream. These Indians have made some efforts at farming and stock raising. Their religion is Roman Catholic.



*A Lynx. He was an extra large varmint.*

Four miles from Lillooet we crossed Bridge River on a suspension bridge made by these Indians. One feels secure after he reaches the opposite bank. The Bridge River is a turbulent, opaque stream, flowing in many places through volcanic fissures and gravel beds. There is a constant, but slow crumbling of the enormous glacial deposits that keeps the waters of this stream anything but clear. In many places we trav-



eled for miles along its almost precipitous banks. Some ten miles from town we saw a good sized lynx quietly walking along the mountain side. He was not in the least disturbed by our presence. Even after we had fired two missing shots at him he did not run. Some loose horses, grazing near had probably brought about this feeling of false security. The third shot killed him. His pelt was not worth saving. He was an extra large varmint.

During the day we traveled along a government trail following the river. Late in the afternoon, we came to a little creek, which we followed to our first camp, making about thirty miles for the first day. While putting up the tents, Frank secured a number of fine trout for our supper and breakfast. Early the next morning, I struck out on foot in the direction we were to travel, hoping that I might find a bear, as there were plenty of berries along the route. I saw where a mother bear and two cubs had been feeding during the night, but did not see the bears during that day. We killed a number of "fool hens," or Franklin grouse, as we were traveling through the heavy lower timbered slopes. As we were crossing a high divide—five thousand, eight hundred feet—we flushed two sooty grouse—blue grouse, or pine hens. One of the horses trampled on one of the young, killing it. The male lighted on a tall, dead pine tree, but flew again when we got to within a hundred yards of him.

We ate dinner that day by the side of a beaver dam.

Fresh signs indicated that the dam was inhabited. We struck camp that night in a cold, drizzling rain, but it was not too rainy for Frank to get a nice string of trout. Just as we were eating supper, a full grown lynx walked up to within fifty yards of our camp, calmly viewed us with his cat-like eyes, and slowly walked away with his pointed ears laid back against the ruffled fur of his neck, as good as to say, "Those fellows don't amount to much, anyway."

We traveled all the next day in the rain and camped near Dromedary Peak, a noted location for mountain goats. We spied the mountains, but failed to get a glimpse of *Oreamnos*.

Our next camp was on a small stream at Horse Skull camp, so named because a fractious guide two years



*Horse skull camp.*

before had killed one of his pack animals by striking him on the head with a club. The skull of the poor, abused animal, bleached to a ghastly white, with a jagged stellate fracture was hanging on a dead limb near our camp. I wrote a few lines on the bleached frontal bone. I trust that this guide may see the same, some day. It would do him good, I hope.

It was while at this camp that I ate my first piece of porcupine, as well as broke the game laws of British Columbia by killing a mountain sheep ten days before the open season on sheep. The fine has been paid, the docket cleared and all concerned are satisfied. However, I want to submit my case to you, my dear reader, and ask you, candidly, what would you have done had you been in my place with those five big rams strung out before you?

We were traveling slowly down a long, narrow ravine on our fourth day out from Lillooet when I saw something moving lazily in a little clump of willows. I rode into this bunch of underbrush to see if I could find the moving object. I soon discovered that it was a large porcupine. He was not in the least perturbed by the close relationship that had so suddenly sprung up between us, although we were perfect strangers, as we had never met before. These turtles of the animal kingdom have just about as much speed, wisdom and appreciation of the unusual and dangerous situations as the old land terrapin of the southern states. I got off my horse and stood within two feet of his needle

covered, ugly back. He turned his repulsive face toward me and with his rat-like eyes surveyed me from head to foot and said something to me about me in porcupine, which I did not understand. He probably thought what a ghastly fright I was without a street sweeper on my back. Having expressed his opinion about me he began to eat grass roots and willow sprouts, occasionally slapping his tail against the ground, with a grunting emphasis. He kept his tail toward me most of the time, as that was best fortified against any attack from my source. After defying me to attack him, he leisurely waddled away a few feet to a spruce tree which he climbed ten feet, when the idea seemed to strike him that there was something about me that he had not examined closely enough. He backed down the tree and walked to within three feet of where I was standing, talking to himself in *erethizon epixanthus* in a nasal, high toned manner most of the time. After my trying to converse with him in "Missouri," he seemed suddenly to become disgusted or frightened, and I never saw a "porky" stir up so much dust and tumble down a mountain side so quickly as he did. The last I saw of him, he was going toward the head waters of the McKenzie River.

The Indians are very fond of "porky"—they are fond of anything to eat, I can prove it if necessary. One day Creekwah, our cook, said, "Want 'porky' or ground hog today to eat?" Our guide killed a big, fat porcupine during the day. The Indians skinned him

and we had "porky" stew for dinner. I took a small piece and without chewing it, swallowed it, like a capsule full of quinine. My hunting partner said that would not count as eating "porky," but that I must take a good-sized bite and chew it. I tackled it. Here is where I made a mistake. I began, first, to chew it easily; then I put on the loud pedal and advanced the spark, threw in the clutch and hit the rubber on the high speed. The more I chewed, the tougher the piece got and the tighter it fitted my mouth. Finally it pried my jaws open, pressed down my tongue and filled my mouth so full that it required three Indians quite a while to remove the rubber ball from between my teeth. No more "porky" for me!



*The beautiful Ovis dalli of Kenai Peninsula. (Photographed by Dr. Bauchman, of Seward, Alaska.)*



In addition to the *Ovis Montana*, Alaska harbors within its confines two additional specimens of the mountain sheep: One, the *Ovis Stonei*, or black mountain sheep, found in the Costal range of Southern Alaska, and the *Ovis dalli*, or white big horn of the Kenai peninsula. A photo of a beautiful specimen of the latter, killed by my friend, Dr. Boughman, of Seaward, is here shown.

*Ovis Montana*, mountain sheep or big horn, is to the animal world what the eagle is to the bird kingdom. He is the very emblem of caution, termerity and recklessness embodied in one. He never turns a corner or makes a move, but that he is on the alert. He never crosses a divide that he does not show his caution and termerity. His dare-devilleaps from crag to shelving rock, and his flight along the edges of precipices stamp him as the very embodiment of recklessness. His speed and the way in which he gets over the mountains entitle him to be named the areoplane of the mountains, as compared to the camel or ships of the desert. Unlike the deer, elk, moose and many other hunted animals, he does not depend on the tangled underbrush and thickest foliage to hide him, but stands out in bold relief against the sky line on the highest peak and seemingly invites you to come and get him if you can. He depends on his good eye-sight, vigilance and his rapid, long and perilous jumps to carry him to safety. I have measured in the snow in British Columbia on a mount-

ain side where there was not much slope, a jump of over twenty-four feet.

I have often wondered why the Rocky mountain sheep selects as his home the almost desolate and barren mountain peaks, when, within a few thousand feet the richest pasturage may be found. Occasionally, he may, in passing from one peak to another, condescend to go through a forest or trample underfoot the succulent grasses of the lower altitude, but he will not tarry long on his journey unless in rare instances, overtaken by a storm, or if constantly hunted on the mountain tops, he may seek refuge in the foothills. However, this is very rare and only temporary. As a game animal I consider him the king. He is ever alert, swift of foot, quick to sight danger, and keen of sense of smell, timid to an extreme, of man, fearless in his daring leaps and rapid flight in getting away from the hunter. Add to this his natural haunts in almost inaccessible, high altitudes with rarified atmosphere, and the successful hunting of mountain sheep becomes a task the like of which is not to be found in hunting any other game. The hunter who secures a trophy of this, the king of big game, deserves all the honors that accrue to him who strives and conquers. It must be understood that the animals remain on the highest mountain peaks in a given range during rigid winters of the North. They will descend to lower ranges, but will select the highest ridges of that particular range. The wind usually blows the snow off the crest of these ridges, leaving the

ground bare so they can find a scant sustenance during the winter. During the early autumn months, several rams are frequently seen together, the ewes and lambs remaining on some distant mountain. As the rutting season approaches, the rams cease to roam together in peace and take on ugly moods, with a tendency to carry "chips on their shoulders," so to speak. These chips are usually butted off many times during the

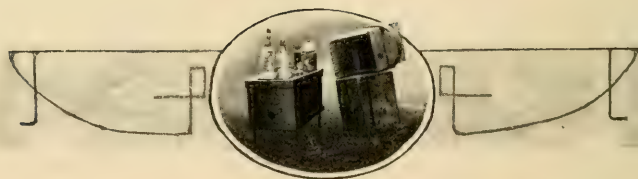


*The Ovis Montana. This is a record head in many of its measurements*

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actual rutting season. On a cold, frosty morning, I have heard the terrific impact of the horns of two fighting rams three miles away. The other rams, ewes and lambs will stand by quietly, looking on while the fight is in progress. Occasionally, a particularly athletic ram with an overflow of energy and a tough head will give vent to his pent up feelings and force by butting the bark from some stunted cedar or pine tree on the mountain side. You may see his battering ram signs on almost any mountain where sheep have made their home for a number of years. Do not mistake the band-like porcupine gnawing on trees for the bark-brushing butting of the sheep. One must not think that the sheep are only on the lookout after having discovered the approach of danger. A camp fire the night before, or a little target practice at a camp miles away from the mountain, known to be "good sheep country" may put these timid animals in a state of panic that makes the approach to them within rifle shot almost impossible. Do not let the sheep become the hunters by showing your presence to them, first. If you do, you won't get one of those sheep. A sheep, while grazing, can see below him, hence, in hunting sheep it is best to approach him from above, when possible. During the early mornings they will be found grazing or lying down on the sunny slopes of the mountains. Do not approach from the east in the early morning. The thundering noise of the avalanche may not disturb a band of sheep as quickly as the rolling of a small stone or the cracking

of a dead twig under the hunter's foot. Quiet treading is essential in all hunting. This is especially true in hunting big horns. I prefer thick rubber soled tennis shoes. If your feet are tender, put in a good, thick leather inner sole. You can travel almost noiselessly with this foot-gear, if you will avoid starting detached pieces of rock.





## CHAPTER XII.

### KILLING MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN CLOSED SEASON, AND WHAT IT COST ME.

I had been informed by the guides before leaving my home that the open season on mountain sheep had been changed from September 1st. to August 15th. I had traveled three thousand miles to reach the sheep country in which I expected to hunt. On my arrival I was informed that the open season had not been changed, as the governor had refused to sign the new bill. My time was limited. The guide and his outfit—three Indians and sixteen horses—were engaged for thirty days at thirty dollars per day, for myself and hunting partner. It would take seven days of hard trailing to reach the country where we were going to hunt. It was then August 15th. We decided to start on the trip and get well located by September 1st. We traveled four days and camped in a beautiful, little grass covered valley and decided to rest one day and let the horses graze. The next morning the guide, my hunting partner, one of the Indians and I concluded to go on a little tour of inspection upon Big Red mountain, so called because of the bright red color of its crest. This mountain is about ten thousand feet above sea level and is made up of a flinty red stone that flakes



*The Author and his "Game Warden sheep."*

and tumbles down its side constantly, making the very worst kind of slide rock to travel over, both for man and beast. This is especially true on the south side of the mountain, where the sun produces such marked changes in the temperature of the rocks. On the north side there is a large area of snow and a few small glaciers in

some of the ravines near the shoulder of the mountain. At the foot of these snow and ice masses, there is an abundance of rich grass, but the sheep do not graze much there, as you find them higher up on the mountain. I have often wondered why they do not graze in these luxuriant, grassy spots, instead of in the barren rocky summits. As I have learned more of these animals, it is easily understood. The reason is purely one of self-preservation.

It was an ideal day. The sun shone down upon us with sufficient heat to counteract the cold of the wind's blast as it swept over the glacier and snow covered mountain sides. The climbing up the sides of this mountain presented the usual difficulties met with in reaching high altitudes. You look above you and think, on the next bench I will be at the top, but when you reach that spot, perchance you will discover a broad, flat valley several hundred yards or more in width. This "benching" of a mountain has been a source of disappointment to many a hunter. I have never been quite able to understand where the mountain climber gets his compensation for his labors. Of course, he is well paid, but the salary of one man does not meet the demands of another.

On approaching the shoulder of the mountain, we separated to circumvent the summit, on a purely inspection trip. We had been separated for two or three hours, and I had seen nothing in the way of game signs and had started to return toward the camp about five

miles away. I paused for a moment and glanced toward the sky line to the north of me about three miles. I was using my field glasses. All at once I saw, like a retreating cloud bringing to view the moon at the horizon, five slowly resolving moving objects that I soon recognized as rams' heads. I have never beheld a grander sight. I could make out that they were frightened and had been running quite a distance, as they frequently paused and turned about to look in the direction from whence they came. I was standing in mushy snow up to my ankles, but what did I care for cold or wet, while watching this band of noble rams! I quickly lay down on my back in the snow, as they were coming in my direction. They were led by a big ram with a massive pair of horns. The sight was one of enchanting beauty, as I watched them. They strung out on the face of the mountain, all the time coming nearer and nearer to me. My joy at the prospect of bagging one of those trophies was unbounded, and I could hardly contain myself, so impatient was I while watching them. They are, I thought, now about six hundred yards away and coming directly toward me with the wind in my favor. Will they discover me, or will they turn to the right through the little sag on the spine of the mountain? While I was thus meditating, they quickly turned away from me and disappeared through the gap. I jumped to my feet, one-half of me as wet as a ship's hull just put in the dry docks, and ran with all my might—not very fast at that altitude

—in the direction they had disappeared. I had not gone over two hundred yards before I saw them coming right toward me in full flight (flight nearly describes their ability to get over the ground). They had evidently come in sight of some one of our party over the crest of the ridge. When within three hundred yards of me, I began firing at the leader. My second shot striking him while in the air—truly a wing shot—he turned a summersault and never moved after striking the snow. I fired three more shots, scoring on the horns of another, stunning him so badly that he lay in the snow for fully thirty seconds, but regained his feet and made his escape. I measured some jumps made by these sheep in the snow and found the distance to be twenty-four feet. The actual distance of the sheep from me when I shot measured over three hundred yards. My delight at killing this ram was so great and my enthusiasm was so intense that I did not realize—and I presume would not have cared at that time—that I had violated the provisions of the game law of British Columbia, protecting *Ovis Montana*. I was later very forcibly reminded of this fact, when one of the Indians deserted camp and told the game warden that I had killed the sheep on August 20th. I was fined fifty dollars and costs.

Now, my dear hunters and true sportsmen, I believe in game protection by stringent laws, and I believe in the prosecution of all violations of the same, but place yourself in my position—and consider other facts men-



tioned—at the time I killed this ram, and I will ask you on the “Q. T.” what would you have done? What? Of course you would. The officials of British Columbia are the finest set of courteous gentlemen I have ever met in an official or unofficial way.

Bill had heard the shooting and came running over the top of the mountain just in time to see me doing an Indian *stomp* dance about the dead ram. I took actual measurements of the sheep. He measured forty inches in height, fifty-eight inches from nose to tail, forty-four inches about chest, forty at waist line. His weight was about two hundred and thirty pounds. Base of horns measured fifteen inches, length of horns, thirty-three inches, between horns, at tip, twenty inches, from nose to horns ten inches, between eyes six and one-half inches, about neck twenty-seven inches.

After taking off the skin and dressing the meat, we loaded ourselves with the carcass and started down the mountain. We had not gone far before we ran on to Frank and “Boney,” on their way to the camp. We soon had the meat transferred to the horses and joined the procession campward.

To say that I was elated over my kill that day only faintly expresses my joy. Never in my life since I killed my first little buck, away back in Kentucky when I was a mere boy, have I felt so proud of a hunting feat as I did on that occasion. If my reader friend, is a big game hunter, he will fully agree with me when

I say that he who kills one of these sky pilots brings down the gamest of the big game.

As we returned to camp, a feeling of guilt slowly crept over me and I assure you that it dampened my ardor and enthusiasm very much, as that was my first



*"Creekwah," our cook, was fond of "Porky."*

and only *wilful* trespass of a game law. I had on another occasion killed by mistake a cow moose, thinking it a bull, in violation of the game law, for which I was very sorry, as one gets no more sport from killing a cow moose than from shooting the family cow.

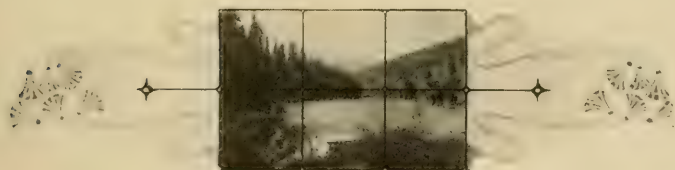
As we came nearer and nearer the camp, a feeling of secrecy overcame me so much that I suggested hiding the evidence of my guilt, although a hundred and fifty miles from a game warden. I was afraid of Alec, the Chilcotin. How well my suspicions were founded may be seen, when two days later he deserted our camp and rode back to inform the game warden of my violation of the act protecting sheep to September 1st.

In my early life I had purloined a few watermelons, or perchance filled my shirtbosom and on one occasion the bottom tied up legs, of my knee breeches, with a neighbor's apples. All that was done with little thought of the consequences. But this was so different. After seeing that there were no visitors in camp, who would want the sheep's and my mutton, I ordered the meat brought in. I have never tasted meat so palatable and sweet that later became so bitter. The Indians sat up the most of the night, eating mutton. Creekwah said, "Doc make skookem (strong) medicine. Kill zolops (sheep). Heap good shooter."

We broke camp the next morning, still following the traitor toward his visionary sheep pasture. This was a hard day's travel through fallen timber, part of the time through heavy jack pines that were laden

with rain that soon saturated our clothing. We saw several deer during the day.

We struck camp near a little lake at the crest of the Pacific and Bridge river watershed. While making camp, Frank with his flies and rod, caught a bucket full of trout. This was the most disagreeable camp of the whole trip, in as far as concerned our bodily comfort. It was still raining when we moved the next morning. The horses were fractious from fighting mosquitoes, making the putting on of packs more than usually tiresome. The guide was sore about nothing in particular and everything in general. The Indians were, if possible, more stupid than usual, and there were two white hunters who had smiles that refused to come on.



## CHAPTER XIII.

SOME GOOD TROUT FISHING. GAME WARDEN VISITS  
OUR CAMP. SECURED THE SHEEP HEAD AND  
SCALP. INDIAN DESERTS US. RETRACING  
OUR STEPS. FIND OF THE GAME WARDEN'S  
DEER, KILLED OUT OF SEASON.  
SOME REMINISCENCES.

DURING the day we made about thirty miles. In the afternoon the clouds cleared away and such a scene as was presented to us! In every direction, to the front, to the right and to the left of us was a vast range of black, sharp, spire-like peaks, too steep to hold the snow, projecting skyward through the mansard snow covered roofs of the mountains. While on this high pass, I could look down upon hundreds of islands of cloud shadows in a vast ocean of sunshine.

During the day, on a particularly high pass that commanded a range of country for a hundred miles to the north and west, we asked Alec to show us his sheep Eldorado. We were surprised to learn from him that he was lost and that he could not locate within the hundred miles in view any familiar mountains. It was then that I told Billy that the Indian was leading us on a "wild goose chase," instead of a sheep hunt. He was disposed to agree with me. During the day, the Chil-





*"Camp Limit."*

cotin was inclined to wander away from the trail, but could not get any good excuse to get out of sight.

We camped that night on a beautiful little knoll overlooking the valley many miles, and commanding some fine sheep country. There were a good many bear signs here, also. This camp I later named "The Limit," both because it was our farthest camp and because of another little incident that had its focus at this point.

The first night after landing at this camp, Alexander,

during Manson's absence, saddled his pony and said, "Alec go away." We protested, but to no avail. As soon as our guide returned, I told him that the Indian had left in an ugly mood and that I feared he was going to see the game warden. That was the last time I saw the Indian.

We spied the mountain near our camp for a few days, seeing only a few ewes. One evening when I returned, Creekwah said, "Game warden been here, took sheep head. Chilcotin told him you kill ram, he come here, go way. Come in morning see you." This was delightful (?) news to a man who had violated the game laws of another than his own country.

The game warden came that night. I told him to take good care of my sheep scalp and that I hoped he would not get mine as well as the sheep's. He took the scalp away with him and kept it in good shape until I went before the magistrate in Lillooet, admitted my guilt and the guide paid my fine, thereby showing his manhood, as he was the cause of my being on the hunting grounds too soon. This was an honest mistake on his part, however.

On trips of this kind every hunter is liable to have an attack of "grouch," some more than others. No ill feeling toward anyone in particular, but toward the world in general. Some have the faculty of walking it off, others must talk it off. The latter plan is the quickest way to get it out of the system, and usually results in a cure. The day after the game warden took

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my fine mountain sheep scalp and horns away with him, I was decidedly on the moody side. I could see only a bread and water diet handed me by a stern and heartless jail keeper, through the narrow space between the bars. All unnecessary brooding! While in this mood I wrote: "The poetry and picturesque features of a trip of this kind fade away in the face of a stern reality of failure. The aboriginal novelty is offset by the dirt and poor cooking of these 'children of the forest.' The last of the great scouts has, as an offset, thirty per day and no rams. The sublime scenery will ever remain in one's memory as the only thing free. It costs nothing but the labor of getting through and around and over it. Even this grand display on this day does not look good to me."

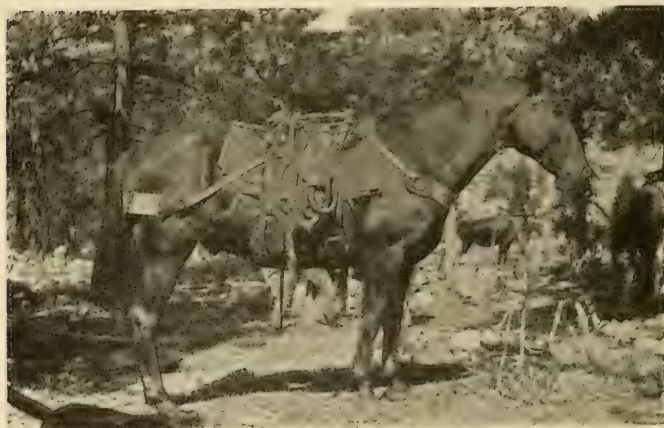
The next day we retraced our steps, making a forty mile trip. On that day we came to where the game warden had told us he camped the night before he came to our camp. We found two nice, fat quarters of venison, snugly wrapped up in a gunny sack, hanging on a tree near his camp. It was also a closed season on deer. We had two fine pieces of venison to eat on for the next few days. I do not know who killed that deer, but I do know who helped to eat it. It was about an even swap, two quarters of mutton for a half of a big buck. I assure you that I had nothing to do with taking the venison. I had made a resolution to be good the rest of my stay in British Columbia.

We staid only one night at this camp. From here

we passed "Horse Skull Camp" and headed up past the big, red mountain, where I had killed the ram. We selected a beautiful camp site back of Sanford Mountain. This camp I named "Seclusion." It was here that I really felt that we were away from game wardens, not that I had any idea of violating the game laws, but I really felt as if I did not want to even see one again.

We staid here several days, seeing many fine bucks and many does and fawns. The pine slopes here were full of grouse and porcupine. While hunting one day near this camp, I ran into a bunch of wild hogs. There were forty or fifty in the bunch. While at this camp we also saw four beautiful wild horses. They were as wild as deer.

A young wild pig, I believe, is a delicacy when well



*Patiently waiting for his pack.*

roasted between two gold washing pans, that very few have ever indulged in. "Possom and taters" are not in the same class, with roast pig served in this way. As Charles Lamb says of roast pig: "The strong man may fatten on it and the weakling refuseth not its tender juices."

These hogs and horses, or their ancestors, evidently had at some time belonged to some prospector who had abandoned them, or they had strayed away and adopted this wild life. There is not at this time anyone living within a hundred miles of this locality.

While hunting one afternoon a few miles from the camp, I saw two little fawns. I decided that I would sit still and watch their antics. They discovered me and began slowly approaching me. I put my hands to my ears and worked my hands back and forth like the ears of a mule-eared deer. They came up to within ten feet of me. Poor, little, innocent, unsuspecting things! Had I been a cougar the ending would have been much different. I quietly got up and let them go on their way. They are probably wondering to this day what that *thing* was they discovered. I forgot. Animals do not reason or wonder. If some do not, I cannot see the difference.

One day while seated on the highest peak of a very tall mountain, I thought: "It has taken me hours of hard, patient climbing to reach this point, only to look back over the route and behold the difficulties I have surmounted. I was at the top. The climax had been



attained on that mountain, yet there were others farther on. I thought if one could only pause on the high places in this life and view those not conquered and look down and behold the difficulties of the upward



*"Billie" and some rams. (Photo by Manson.)*

climb, this moment of exaltation would in part pay for his labors and inspire him with new courage and determination to continue the upward march. However, others want your view point and you must either step down on the other side or continue your labors uninterruptedly. Many of our best friends do not see the hardest part of our labors. The very designs of our works are soon lost sight of and the pattern, as well as the architect, is soon lost and forgotten.

“Our labors are often like the pitch laden pine faggots that burn best and brightest and give out the most radiance soon after the application of the match.”

The solitude one experiences on the tops of these vast mountains, when alone, makes him feel as if the very soul of his body had taken its departure and he seems to be a part of the rocks about him. I thought of the out of season sheep killing episode, while seated on this mountain. “Our evil deeds, like the smoke from the campfire, pursue us where’er we go, blinding our eyes to the many beautiful objects surrounding us.”

We remained at camp Seclusion several days. This was the most beautiful camp site I have ever seen. I could spend part of each year here, with much pleasure and contentment. This was a regular porcupine center. We had to hang our saddles, bridles, and in fact, everything left out of the tents, up on swinging limbs to keep the villians from gnawing them to pieces. It was at this camp that I had quite a little porcupine excitement. These animals evince no fear of man, as a rule,

and will invade his tent, unless a fire is left burning, or the tent door is kept closed. They will crawl all over your bed and your face, too, if uncovered. The year before, one had gotten into a hunter's tent and was crawling around over his head, when the hunter struck at him with his hand. Quick as a flash, "porky" slapped his tail on to his face and head, leaving eighty-five quills sticking in the skin. It was a torture to have them removed. He developed erysipelas and came near dying.

I was sound asleep, one night, in my floored seven by seven by seven tent. I felt something slowly creeping up on my feet, then up to my knees. I thought, there is a "porky" in my tent. I must keep still. I pulled my head and neck into my sleeping bag, like a land terrapin. All the time the beast was seemingly getting nearer my head. I expected each second to feel the slap of his needled tail on my head. Great drops of cold perspiration stood out all over my body. I was afraid to hollo or move. Can you imagine a rattlesnake in bed with you, and you are expected to keep still to prevent getting bitten by the snake? Such were my feelings during the time I was being besieged by this varmint. I could stand it no longer. I holloed frantically, "Porky! kill him quick before he needles me." I imagined that he was going to tattoo me in good shape. Just about the time I was ready to give up, Mr. Hodges gave the pine boughs a big jerk with the string he had stretched through my tent dur-

ing the day. I will always sympathize with anyone who has a porky scare as near the real thing as was this one.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### CAMP SECLUSION. MOUNTAIN GOATS AND THEIR TRAITS. KILLING GOATS.

IN many places we found where forest fires had swept over large areas of the country. The dry, white, flinty, lodge-pole pines stood like grim death shafts, left standing to mark the destructive march of the fire. Millions of tangled limbs and trunks were piled in masses of confusion over the ground, while the young Jack pines, like a boundless nursery, were starting a new crop of telephone poles.

Traveling through, under and over this tangle of the living and the dead is attended by many falls, much difficulty, many epithets and the loss of numerous patches of clothing and epidermis. The manner in which a trained pack horse gets through this tangled skein of fallen timber is a marvel. Occasionally the ever-present axe must be taken from its holster and a few logs cut to make the route possible.

Very few of the many hunters who have gone into a new country have returned without having something named after them. Some tall isolated peak is the usual favorite. I know one famous hunter who has mountains galore all over this country that have been given his name, but like the fleeting shadow of the



*Mt. Cordier.*

passing cloud, the name remains, only, while the hunter and his guide are passing. The next passing cloud will make another shadow. I have even been known to have visions of my name on the maps of the future, by the side of some, at this time, unnamed peak. So far the dream has not come true. There are enough peaks in the Rockies for all, if the Smiths and Jones are left out of the list.

Near Camp Limit, there is a peak that stands out prominently from its fellows. This peak measures by aneroid, ten thousand feet above sea level. Mr. Hodges named this peak Mount Cordier. He did not label it as such, hence, I presume it has been divorced and has changed its name several times since we parted.

Hoary old mountains, pioneers of the sky's frontier,

raised their broad shoulders and shaggy heads to dizzy heights. Their faces, wrinkled by time, climate and the storms of countless centuries, in their dotage, are crumbling and losing their grandeur. Great masses of slide rock, the evidence of decay, are to be seen on every mountain slope. These towering giants are to crumble until all canons are filled and all crags have disappeared. The cascades are peculiarly picturesque, with their sharp spire-like projections and roof pitched sides. The rocks are softer than those of our Rocky mountains, hence the constant crumbling from the above-mentioned causes.

After leaving Camp Seclusion, we traveled north up a small stream to timber line. This took us to the base of Big Red Mountain, which we circled to the east and passed down the shin of the divide to a small stream, a branch of the Frazier. We had been hunting on the Bridge water shed up to this time. A long, hard day's traveling brought us to the goat country. We passed many old camp sites, where the Indians—Lillooetins and Chilcotins—for ages had made their annual hunting pilgrimage. Old and new tent poles, turkish baths—a *la Siwash*—and drying scaffolds all told the story, that we had been reading from day to day, of the gradual, but sure extermination of the fauna of that country.

We camped early in the most miserable and unattractive spot of the whole trip. A forest fire had swept the mountain side the year before, destroying

most of the timber save a few, old, snarled pines that were battling for existence on an isolated, barren spot that the flames could not leap across. The dead trees were falling about us all night, as a storm threatened to break on us at any minute. Bonaparte felled several dead trees before striking camp that were too close for comfort or safety. We did not have bough beds that night, as we were to move early the next morning to "spy" for goat. The tangled mass of dead and fallen bamboo-like pines was the hardest to get through I have ever seen. Underneath, over and on top of these "jack straws" we climbed, fell, swore and slid until I was about ready to sell out my interest in the goat project at a discount.

In spite of that tangled skein, the place was full of



*"Camp Seclusion."*

deer. No big bucks, but all does, fawns and spike bucks. The big stags remain high above timber line until the snow drives them down. In one of our breathing spells, I looked across the gulch and I saw five mountain goats, deliberately feeding, but too far for a good view without the glasses. We could make out that there was not a big billy with them. This discovery was truly encouraging, and our journey back to camp with this news made the trip much easier.

The next morning we were up early and on the move to a better camp site. We found a most delightful location, just at the head of a small glacier and snugly surrounded by stately pines and firs.

In the afternoon we hunted north of our camp, where we had seen the goats the evening before. We found signs in abundance, but no goats. The next day, about noon, after a disappointing and fruitless search for game, while discussing the best thing to do, I looked across the range about three miles, and in plain view with the aid of my glass I could see twenty-three mountain goats. We quickly saddled our horses and started in a circuitous route after them. It took about two hours of hard traveling to get to a point where we had decided to leave our horses. It was growing very dark as a storm was approaching. However, we were soon on our downward climb to the spot where we had last seen the goats. When within a few hundred yards, we discovered them, slowly moving toward the timber. Within the space of five minutes, a blinding rain and



*From this point we "spied" the goats.*

snow storm burst upon us, chilling us bodily, and dampening our ardor on goat hunting very much. When we reached the spot where we had a few moments ago seen the goats, not an animal could we find. We hunted for an hour, back and forth, over the mountain. The storm had now spent its force and the sun was shining brightly. We had just about abandoned the hunt for that day, when we discovered the goats in a little patch of underbrush not sixty yards away. In fact, we were practically surrounded by goats. We had walked right into the middle of the flock. The first goat that I saw was a big fellow, standing on a log not over thirty yards away, viewing me as complacently as the family Jersey would the approach of the milkmaid. I thought: that is a good museum specimen;



I will try not to injure the specimen for a good mount or a rug. The rug is a beauty. The three of us got seven within a few seconds and could have killed several more. We had a nice, tender kid for a gold pan bake the next day. Every pelt was saved.

Of all the animals possessing the power of escape of the mountain goat, he is the most idiotic. He is a fast runner, especially down hill, but he will stand and gaze at you as stupidly as a porcupine, on many occasions, even though you are in a stone's throw of him. He is a hard animal to get acquainted with, for all his seeming docility, as his haunts are in the most remote mountain ranges and on the highest and most difficult peaks.

The stupidity of these animals was illustrated by the seeming indifference of a goat to my presence, after we had killed all we wished out of this flock. After ceasing our fire, I walked to a carcass not over sixty yards away. I had been looking at it, probably five minutes, when I discovered a big goat not twenty yards from me, standing on a log, calmly surveying me, evincing no fear. I walked to within ten yards of him before he took flight. I have never seen such a reckless, headlong, rapid, down-hill descent by any animal, as was made by that goat. His jumps were short, but very quick and directly down the mountain side, each jump in the soft, dry ashes-like earth sent up a cloud of dust and left a ragged hole like that made by a meteor or thirteen inch solid shot. His awakening to his surroundings was as sudden as his stupid deliberations

were amusing and absurd. With all the noise from our guns, the flight of his companions and the sight of man, his behavior was certainly a surprise.

I can see no valid reason why any layman or naturalist should think of classifying these animals as a species of antelope. There is absolutely no resemblance. He looks like a goat, acts like a goat, stinks like a goat and his meat tastes like goat meat. I think he is a goat as much as our familiar bill-board tomato can, suburban billy or nannie.

The goat has a peculiar, India rubber-like sole to his feet, surrounded by a casing of ordinary hoof-like substance. This arrangement of the feet makes him a good, safe climber, breaks the shocks of his fearless leaps and keeps the foot from splintering on the rocks.

The style of whiskers the billy wears was much in



*A nice museum specimen.*

vogue about the time Horace Greeley figured in national politics. These goats have a facial resemblance to an old-time politician.

The pelage of these goats is so spotlessly white that one could easily imagine that he dressed each morning in a fresh suit, just from the laundry. He is fearless, strong of limb and will power. When once started on a course, he is apt to pursue the same in the face of seeming insurmountable difficulties and dangers. His horns are black, very sharp and average about nine inches in length and four and one-half inches in circumference at the base. The females have the longest horns, as a rule. A record horn, I believe, measured about twelve inches.

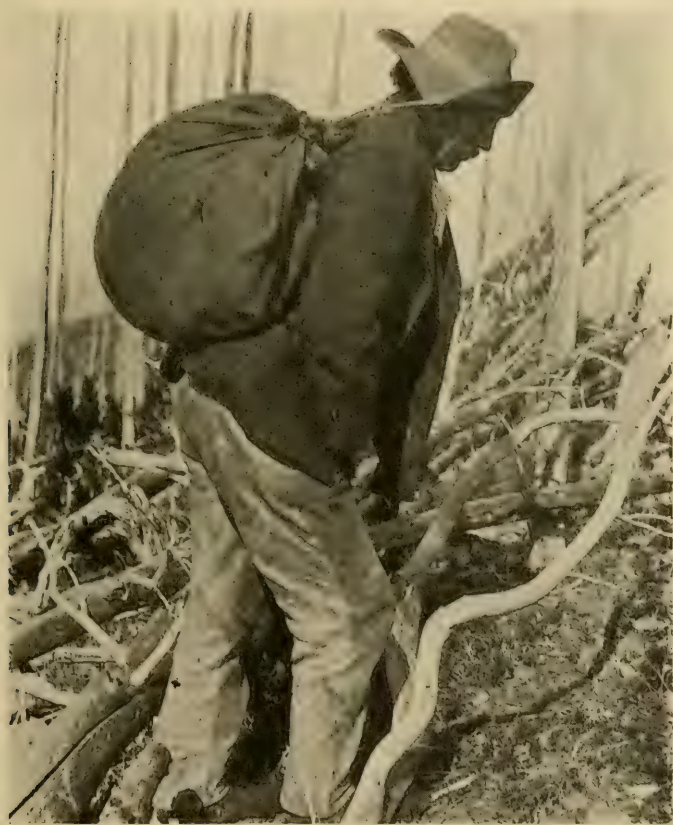
These goats were killed in September. They were not in full winter pelage. The under coat of fine, downy wool was at its best, but the long, coarse hairs that make up the so-called "rain coat" had just begun protruding above the surface of the under coat.

When in full dress, one of these old, serious billies, as he leisurely strolls across the face of some almost perpendicular ledge of rock, reminds one of a drum major, leading a funeral procession.

The mountain goat is a peculiar animal. In many respects the beast disregards established standards, so often noticed in other four footed animals.

His coat is of the finest, made of soft, downy wool, while his domesticated cousins, the billy and nannie, wear a coarse, hairy outer garment. The female has

the longest horns and is indeed a formidable defender of her young. Even a full sized grizzly bear has been killed by this queen of butters, while protecting her young. The billies are stupid acting, though gallant



*Packing-a-la-Siwash.*

looking old dudes, dressed in pure white pantlets and jumper extending below the knees and elbows.

Except during the mating season, "William" stays by himself, often confining his grazing range to a few hundred yards of almost grassless mountain side. You may often see him standing on some large, detached rock for hours at a time, reminding one, as he looks at him with a strong glass, of a beautifully carved Italian marble statue.

The climbing ability of a mountain goat is almost beyond belief. He will scale rocky heights at almost a perpendicular angle, and is a far surer-footed animal than his big horned neighbor, *Ovis Montana*. His progress up the face of a steep mountain side is much slower than the big horn, but is sure and steady. He will permit you to approach him while stupidly looking at you. He will run from the scent of man much more quickly than from sight of him.



## CHAPTER XV.

OUR LAST CAMP. SOME DEER AND GOAT HUNTING.  
THE BEAR WE DID NOT GET. ENGLISHMAN'S  
BEAR HUNT.

WE remained at goat camp a few days, curing skins and having a good time in general. From this camp we moved toward Lillooet, twenty miles, and camped at timber line. It is very important in selecting a camp in the cascades, to find a locality where the grass is abundant for the horses, and where you can get good water and plenty of wood. Frequent and severe wind storms are to be dreaded, hence your tents must be placed so that dead trees will not be blown down on them and so that the wind cannot blow them away. Unless you have been in one of these rushing, dry, wind storms, you cannot imagine the extent of damage they can do on short notice. If camp is made in a ravine approaching a mountain pass, the tents should be erected well to one side of the middle of the ravine, and preferably in a bunch of trees.

While at this camp, we made frequent hunting excursions to a good looking hunting ground for rams, but failed to see any. Many old signs were to be seen on every mountain top, but they were evidently made

during the winter before, as this range is much lower than big Red Mountain.

We killed one fine billy while at this camp. There were plenty of deer in every direction from our camp. We found fresh venison all the time, after the open season on deer began. It was no trouble to kill a nice buck any time we wanted fresh meat.

Bear hunting in British Columbia can only be carried out successfully during the spring of the year. It is then that the foliage is off the underbrush below timber line, and above that point the mountains are covered with snow. This forces the bears into the open country for their food, where they can be seen by the hunter.

The mad rushes of the snow avalanches sweep the mountain side clean of everything movable, leaving vast stretches of bare ground, not even any of the snow remaining. These snow slide paths are often several miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. This gives good early spring feeding ground for the bears. These animals live on a herbivorous diet most of the year, eating grass, skunk cabbage, roots, berries and tender shoots from some of the underbrush. They never refuse meat when they can get it and will dig up and devour ground squirrels and mice. Their favorite diet during the summer is salmon.

While at this camp I saw some very large tracks made by grizzlies. One day, while sitting on the mountain side near the foot of a long snow slide, I heard a noise as though some heavy animal were slowly ap-

proaching in the underbrush. Presently I saw the back of a brown, or cinnamon colored black bear above the willow tops in the snow slide. As he emerged from this underbrush into a little opening, I fired at him, twice. The second shot he went down and remained quite still. I thought I had killed him. I leisurely stepped off the distance to my supposed dead bear, it being one hundred and eighty-six yards. When I arrived at the spot where he was lying when last seen, there was no bear to be found, but evidence of where he had dragged himself over the avalanche drift wood was plainly to be seen. I looked about for some time, but failed to locate him. I have long since placed a much higher value on my own hide than on that of a bear. To follow that wounded bear into the underbrush alone and six miles away from the camp, just at dark, was not, in my judgment, a wise thing to do.

I returned to the camp highly elated, as I was sure that I would get that bear early the next morning. Mr. Hodges accompanied me early the next day to the place where I had left the trail of the wounded bear. We looked for him, faithfully, for several hours, but never found him.

The hunting country about Lillooet is a vast country, but I am sorry to say that as a desirable place in which to have successful hunting trip, I cannot endorse it. There is a class of mountains there that are hard to negotiate. The country is hunted to death by sportsmen from all over the world. The Indians kill for

sport, for sustenance, for the skins to make clothing and foot gear, and for the fur market.

Guides with a long and varied experience meet many peculiar types of hunters. "Billy" related to me this bear story:

"An Englishman of the snobbish 'remittance' type came to British Columbia, one spring, for a grizzly bear hunt. He insisted on being called 'Lord' So and So. This, within itself, was somewhat of a bore to 'Bill,' as he had no use for these snobs, as he termed them, of English nobility. The 'Lord' had all the paraphernalia for elephant and 'rhino' hunting, and insisted on taking tables, chairs and beds with him into the mountains on the hunt. Anyone who has been on a long journey over the trails and virgin passes of the Cascades in the early spring will fully realize the importance of traveling 'light.' At this time of the year the streams are swollen and full of ice and the sides of the mountains are a mass of slush and soft, sliding snow.

"Well, we finally reached the bear country and I felt sure we would get good sport, as fresh signs were to be seen on every slide.

"We had been in camp only two days, when I spied a big grizzly bear on a slide two miles away. We headed for him. The 'Lord' had two big elephant rifles with him that I had to carry. We worked our way up the mountain to a good position, with the wind from the bear directly toward us. It looked favorable

for this amateur hunter to bag a grizzly. I placed him on a favorable location and warned him to keep quiet and on the lookout for the bear, as I would go below the bear where he would get wind of me and drive him toward the 'Lord's' stand. I left him and cautiously worked my way below the point where I had last seen the bear. When I got into a favorable position to peep over a little knoll I was much surprised to see three full grown, grizzly bears headed directly toward the Englishman, a half mile away. I waited in breathless suspense for the report of his gun. Bang! bang! came the reports of ten shots in quick succession. I hurriedly climbed the mountain toward him, all the while repeating to myself, 'A fool for luck, a fool for luck,' as I expected to find him by the side of three dead grizzlies, a feat very few hunters have ever performed on grizzlies.

When within a hundred yards of him, I could hear him shouting, but could not understand what he was saying, but felt sure he had bagged the flock of bears. When within fifty yards of him, I saw him standing on a pile of avalanche driftwood twenty feet high, with his hat off, yelling at the top of his voice, 'Congratulations, congratulations! Hi succeeded, Hi succeeded!' I holloed to him, 'Where are they? How many did you kill?' 'Oh, Hi did not kill any of them! Hi succeeded in scaring the whole lot away.'

He had fired every shot into the air, frightening the bears away, and was much surprised at my actions



when I threw that table away—you see the remains over there—packed up and pulled out for home, where I dismissed myself from the Englishman's service."

While in Lillooet, Mr. Hodges purchased a musical instrument of unknown ancestry and much discord, from a half-crazed, love-sick Chinaman. This purchase created much amusement on our way home, as Mr. Hodges was frequently importuned to play a few pieces, but was usually excused when he stated that he was carrying the instrument home for the doctor.



A L A S K A



## CHAPTER XVI.

### KODIAK ISLAND, ALASKA, HUNTING TRIP. SCENES AND INCIDENTS EN ROUTE.

I had hunted and bagged a specimen of about all the big game in the United States and Canada, and in looking about for a new territory in which to hunt I was not long in deciding on Kodiak Island, off the peninsula of Alaska, as the next objective point. It is away off on this island, over two thousand miles north and west of Seattle, that the largest and most powerful carnivorous animal in the world is to be found. The Kodiak brown bear (*ursus mittendorff*) is found only on this island and the nearby Kenai Alaskan peninsula.

I had corresponded with a guide on Uyak Bay for a year, making arrangements for this hunt. Frank Hodges, a genuine hunter and true sportsman, was to be my hunting companion. When the time arrived for our departure, April 15th, he was feeling bad, but decided to accompany me as far as Seattle, hoping that he would get better before we reached this point, but much to my disappointment and sorrow, he became much worse, and his symptoms became so grave that I was compelled to remove him to a Seattle hospital and operate on him for an abscess of the liver. After



*Kodiak Alaska. (Photo by J. E. T.)*

staying with him a few days, until the danger period was passed, I continued my journey toward Kodiak Island.

While in Seattle, I met Mr. Alvord, as good a hunter as ever crossed or followed a trail. At my invitation, he accompanied me on the hunt, and to him is due much credit for the success of the trip. He is a good shot, cool and brave in time of danger, be it on the ocean in a storm or on the trail of a wounded bear.

I am often asked why I go so far to hunt bear and other big game. My answer usually is: "Because there are no Kodiak brown bear, British Columbia mountain goat and grizzlies, or New Brunswick moose in Missouri, or Kansas, and besides, I get as much, or more, out of my traveling to and from the hunting



grounds as the average tourist who whiles away his time on the sleeper or in his stateroom playing draw poker or solitaire."

From Kansas City to Seattle is a journey as varied in temperature, altitude and fertility as any to be found in a like distance on this continent. The beautiful blue grass lawns and bright, warm, April sunshine of Missouri were in striking contrast with the barren sand dunes, sage brush and stunted cedar foothills and snow storms of Wyoming and Montana. Through Montana we passed thousands of oval and rounded topped mounds with cattle-path-terraced sides, reminding one of the fanciful pictures of the foot-path sides of the Tower of Babel. After passing through Missoula, Montana, we entered the two million acre reservation of the remaining Flat Head Indians. The valley is a beautiful, broad expanse of fertile land, surrounded by a low range of wooded mountains. I thought at the time that this piece of land was the most fertile and inviting of any tract that I had ever known the government to set aside for the Indians. My surprise at the nation's generosity was soon dispelled, when I learned that the reservation would soon be opened to white man's settlement.

Ravalli, a little railroad station in this reservation, is the point from which the last, wild herd of native buffalo was shipped. While our national law-makers were asleep, in as far as concerns the preservation of the remnant of our vast herd of buffalo, the Canadian

government, acting on the advice of Alexander Ayotte, purchased from Mitchel Pablo his six hundred head of buffalo, and shipped them from Ravalli, Montana, to a reservation near Fort Saskatchewan. Pablo received over two hundred thousand dollars for the herd.

Vast herds of cattle were grazing on the sparse grass and sedge brush on the unlimited ranges of Wyoming and Montana. Many dead cattle, which had frozen during the winter, were piled against the wire fences or in canons. As we passed one carcass, eight coyotes slunk away up the hillside, reminding one of the African hyena, with his fondness for the refuse of other and braver flesh eating animals.

On a little barren knoll within a few hundred yards of the spot on which gallant Custer and his brave little band were massacred by the Indians under Old Sitting Bull is a solitary Indian grave marked by a rudely constructed monument of cobble stones. A silent mockery, so to speak, of the greatness of this daring soldier and his memories.

The last resting-place of this great soldier and the brave men who fought and died with him is marked by a granite shaft, surrounded by white marble slabs arranged in methodical manner, many of which are unmarked. This battle was indeed one of many sacrifices, but was in reality the beginning of the end of the Indian warfare, as no great battles have been fought with the red man since. The days of his kind are surely numbered. He must either become a "good

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Indian" or become extinct. The latter solution seems to be his doom.

I witnessed a scene near the Crow agency that portrayed the mingling of the old and the new Indian. Near a modern-constructed frame dwelling, I saw an Indian tepee. In front of the house a young buck was polishing the brasses on his automobile, while his squaw was viewing a passing train with a high-power field glass. An old warrior with his feet in moccasins was polishing a pair of buffalo horns, while an old, wrinkled squaw was tanning a coyote skin. The latter scene was one of pathos and a parting of the old and the new. A resolving picture of disappearing primitive life and initiatory modern civilization.

Near the Custer battle field we saw eight coyotes, the hyenas of the prairies, slinking away from the railroad right-of-way. Their sly, treacherous and stealthy nature was portrayed in their every movement. Hunted to the very verge of extinction, these wild dogs are ever on the lookout for their enemy. It is marvelous how they have survived man's intrusion on their domain. They are prolific breeders and can live on a little fresh air and a few grasshoppers for a long time.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP OHIO, THROUGH THE FAMOUS “INSIDE PASSAGE” ALONG THE ALASKAN COAST.

ON April 24th, we started from Seattle on the Steamship Ohio, a boat three hundred and sixty feet long, with an iron hull. A fairly good boat, but a little out of date. This boat was formerly an Atlantic liner, owned, I was told, by the Star Company. I learned it was in this same boat that General U. S. Grant, in 1876, made part of his famous tour of the world. In my fancy, I could hear the roar of the cannon's salute, still echoing in her staterooms, as the boat with her brave soldier and honored statesman dropped anchor at the ports of the world. I could see the crowned heads of all nations, as they advanced to welcome their honored guest.

I thought how time has wrought many changes, and I realized fully these changes when I looked forward and beheld the thirteen hundred head of live sheep in four deep tiers of cages above deck, and fully two hundred quarters of slaughtered steers hanging around the promenade deck. The people of Alaska must have fresh meat or scurvy. They very sensibly choose the former.

To anyone accustomed to rapid transit, be it by

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automobile, Atlantic liner or limited express train, his patience will surely be taxed while making the vast distance along the Alaskan coast, on the creeping-like slowness of the coast boats. The first one you start on seems slow enough, the next you think is the limit, then comes "beyond the limit" and at last the finish. But why should we hurry? The world is moving fast and we should go slowly if we want to be long here. To the tourist, a trip on one of the well equipped boats making the run from Seattle to Skagway, Juneau and Sitka is a pleasure ever enjoyed, and will amply repay one for the time and money spent. If one lets his journey end here and turns his face toward home, he has not yet begun to see Alaska, with all her beauties and wonders. Sitka may be appropriately termed the gateway or ticket office to the big show beyond.

The stage settings of this vast arena are indeed gorgeous, marvelous and superbly grand. They represent the ceaseless work for countless eons of those indefatigable sculptors and painters of nature's most marvelous scenery.

These artisans included among their toilers, the gods; Vulcan, Neptune and others: All past masters in their specialties. Here are the stage settings just as they left them, with no effacements from the hands of the despoilers, such as saw mills, railroads, sky scrapers, flats, business blocks and factories. One cannot travel along in front of the footlights without pausing in profound admiration at these wonders of wonders, think-



ing how long this preformance had been going on and how rarely had human eyes gazed on the scene. The scene is cold and uninviting, yet there is a grandeur and a sublimity about it that holds one spell-bound before its mesmeric and enchanted charms.

It would seem that here old Mother Earth had passed her three score and ten; that her poor old countenance had been wrinkled and furrowed by the ravages of time and trouble and that the snow god in his commiseration had taken pity on her and had drawn a shroud of the purest white over the departed beauty of her dying face. Death was surely terrible on this battle field of fire and water. The unbroken procession of these shrouded old monarchs, as one passes them, grows monotonous and one longs for the boundless prairies



*Sitka. It was here on October 18th, 1867, the stars and stripes supplanted the Russian flag.*

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of Kansas or the bounteous blue grass pastures of Kentucky with their grazing herds.

As you go along these rock-bound shores, a vast panorama unrolls before you; here you have towering snow-capped peaks, distorted, gnashed and furrowed mountain sides, abysses, empty or perchance filled with river-like, slowly moving glaciers. On first beholding scenes like this, the effect is one of exquisite delight and profound admiration, but you tire of the monotony, after following the shore line for two thousand miles.

In passing through Georgian Bay, we did not see a whale; this is a favorite feeding ground for these mammals, later in the season. The water in this bay during the early evening was beautifully phosphorescent.

As we passed through Queen Charlotte Sound, a run of four hours, the boat rolled from the side swells so that a number of the passengers refused to take any interest in the bill of fare. In fact, I know of two or three hunters who tried the dried beef and codfish remedy for sea sickness. Even now, as a physician, I would hesitate to recommend either as a curative or prophylactic remedy.

Our boat was too large to go through Wrangle Narrows, hence we steamed around the north end of Prince of Wales Island. During the night, here, we also struck some swells that caused the boat to roll badly.

While going up on the steamer, we met four bear hunters, Mr. Hillis, of Oregon, Mr. King, of California, Judge Williams and Dr. Anderson of Colorado. They

were a jolly lot, and the bear and other hunting stories, as recited while visiting in each others staterooms would fill a volume. Each day we formed a line of march for exercise on deck, with the Judge as leader, inviting all on board who desired to join in. Frequently, we had in line, including a number of ladies, an unbroken circle about the deck, necessitating taking the lock step. This part of the performance usually brought all the married men into the procession with their wives. "Marching through Georgia" and other old-fashioned songs were usually sung during this "stomp" dance around the deck. This grand march was kept up until three miles was walked, both in the forenoon and afternoon.

On our up-trip on the Ohio, I was informed that we had on board about six hundred passengers, many of whom were going to Cordovia to work on the Copper River railroad. Think of it! Six hundred passengers on board a steamer with a life saving boat capacity of only two hundred. Somebody would have drowned, had the boat gone down.

After leaving Juneau, we steamed down Douglas Strait around Douglas Island and into Icy Strait. These boats are not expected to go through these dangerous gauntlets of icebergs, except in clear weather, or by daylight. However, we steamed through these frozen masses in a fog at midnight. A number of times the boat was dangerously near some large bergs, but missed them.



*Icebergs floated lazily to their death.*

On our return trip, I had the pleasure of viewing this grand possession of the off shoots of Muir Glacier, by daylight.

Many icebergs of all sizes and shapes with snow white crowns and robes of turquoise blue, bedecked in myriads of the purest of pure white diamond-like crystals, floated lazily in the sparkling liquid blue waters of the sea, to their death. From their long imprisonment, these sparkling, frozen, icy particles burst forth in the flood of sunlight with a splendor indescribably beautiful. Add to the scene the constant roar of the glaciers cannonading and the fall of the advance ice barricade guard from the persistent onslaught of the merciless ocean waves, and the scene is truly one of a battle to the death, with the Pacific and time as the victors.

The scene from a distance reminded me of a slowly moving flock of sheep, being driven across a vast, blue grass pasture. The bergs had just been driven by the tide through the gateway into Glacier Bay, on their journey from Muir Glacier to Icy Strait. This glacier, with a frontage two miles wide and one thousand feet deep, is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is receding at the rate of about two miles in ten years, according to a recent estimate of John Muir.

After passing Cape Spencer we entered the Northern Pacific ocean, our next destination being Cordovia. There existed a vast solitude on the Northern Pacific Ocean on calm, moonlight nights, as our boat was noiselessly propelled through the smooth water. Now and then some night bird prowler, with an unknown voice, to me, would call to his mate, as he whirled past the boat, or perchance, on some drifting iceberg some wing-tired birds had found a resting place.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THROUGH ICY STRAIT IN A NORTHERN PACIFIC STORM ON A FOGGY NIGHT, ON BOARD A SHIP WITH A BROKEN RUDDER CHAIN.

FROM Cape Spencer northwest it is thirty-six hours run to Cape St. Elias. From this cape on the southwest shore of Kayak Island, dangerous hidden reefs jut out into the ocean for five miles, then there is a deep and safe gap five or six miles in width, extending to another chain of dangerous rocks. In going from Cape Spencer to Cordovia, Cape St. Elias is the land mark pointing out the deep water through which it is safe for boats to go. From this point a new log reckoning is started to Cape Henchenbrook, sixty miles farther northwest. Neither of these dangerous reefs are marked by a lighthouse, buoy or other warning signals.

Steamers going through this safe, five mile wide channel in the night or in a dense fog, must depend on their reckoning and the distance traveled from the log reading, both unreliable in a fog, storm, or high, swift running tide. A drift to either side during the thirty-six hours time from Cape Spencer or the over running of the log reading may mean the missing of the safe channel and wrecking of the boat.

On our up trip we arrived at this part of our ocean

journey at about one o'clock at night in a heavy fog and a terrific storm. The waves were almost dashing into the smoke stacks. Our boat was carrying over thirteen hundred head of live sheep in four-story pens built on the front of the boat almost to the top of the smoke stacks, and there were at least two hundred quarters of slaughtered cattle, hanging from iron hooks strung from the eaves of the hurricane deck, completely obstructing the view of the ocean from the doors and windows of our staterooms, all of which open out on the promenade deck.

When we arrived in what the captain thought was the vicinity of Cape St. Elias, the storm and fog were at their worst. The pilot could not see his usual guiding landmarks and to complicate the situation, the distance traveled according to the log reading was far beyond Cape St. Elias, a situation not at all to be desired. The captain decided to head for the open ocean or safe waters until morning, or until the storm subsided. In attempting to make this turn, the chain controlling the rudder parted and control of the steamer was completely lost. The boat, one minute, would roll about in the trough of the high running seas, the next instant the fore part of the boat would rise like a great monster drawing itself over lofty mountain heights, only to take a plunge in the valley just beyond the summit. Oh, how utterly insignificant and helpless one feels in an ocean storm, with the very safe-guard of his life being tossed and toyed with by the merciless

waves, as a cat would play with a mouse! The machinery had ceased, except the chug! chug! of the water pumps.

The ship was completely dark, save an occasional lantern, like a jack-o-lantern or a phosphorescent ball of fire moving about slowly, or like a giant lightning bug on a misty, foggy night. The orders could be faintly heard above the splash and roar of the towering waves. Add to all this noise and confusion the pathetic bleating of thirteen hundred sheep, and the screeching of night birds, and it would tend to make the strongest and most courageous feel that—well, dry land is a good place to be on in a storm. A cyclone cellar will not sink and drown you.

The quarters of beef began falling on deck and as the boat would stand on end, a few hundred pounds of raw meat would take a flight downward along the promenade deck, converting it into a ten pin alley, using the other hanging quarters for the pins, knocking them down dozens at a time. This skidding meat was a danger to be avoided by the officers and crew who were trying to get to the rudder chain to repair it. In an hour or two it was repaired, and much to the surprise of the officers, they discovered Cape Hinchbrook, sixty miles beyond the dangerous reef they were afraid of during the night. They had actually piloted the boat so accurately for thirty-six hours that she steamed through a space of safe water only five miles wide, and that too, in a dense fog and storm of no little fury.

"All is well that ends well," but do not try it too often.

All the while the wind was howling, the boat tossing and the waves dashing overboard, the wireless instrument that was located exactly over my stateroom kept up a constant buzzing, as the operator called, time and again, first "A. N.-Cordovia," then "-S. O.-Catilla." The persistent calling of the wireless would naturally arouse the suspicions of the most confiding, in the midst of such a storm, on a vessel with a broken rudder chain, with the boat drifting dangerously near hidden reefs. I wondered what he was saying, and fully resolved to learn the wireless code.

I was dreadfully anxious to see a piece of Kansas City's dry soil, about that time. In fact, I resolved to eat a piece of Missouri River mud pie on my return. We learned the next day at Cordovia that the "Jenie," a good-sized steamer loaded with explosives, had broken her propeller shaft while near Cape St. Elias during the same storm. The steamer "Bertha" was also near us. The latter boat took charge of the Jenie and towed her to Cordovia, and from there to Seattle for repairs. The steamship Ohio, two months later, sank near Wrangle, Alaska.

The wreck of the steamer Ohio, August 3rd, 1909, recalls a peculiar string of accidents to the five transport steamers carrying the third expedition of troops that sailed from San Francisco to the Philippines, as a part of General Merritt's army. There were five ships. Of this number, four have been wrecked and

lost: The *Indiana*, *Morgan City*, *Valencia*, *City of Para* and the *Ohio*. The expedition was commanded by the now ranking officer of the army, General MacArthur.

The *Morgan City* was lost in Japanese waters, the *Indiana* was lost off the shore of South America, the *Valencia* was wrecked near Seattle, with terrible loss of life. Some of the passengers hung to the rigging for days, with help in sight, but unable to reach them. The *Ohio* has had a career of accidents. In 1908, she was caught in the ice on Bering Sea, near Nome, and imprisoned for forty-five days. She has been gutted by fire. The sinking of the *Ohio*, like a faithful officer, dead at his post, is a fitting termination of the old, faithful iron-clad.

I do not like to think what would have happened to the six hundred and eighty passengers on the night of the terrific storm near Cape St. Elias, when the rudder chain parted. Had she struck a reef that night no one would have been saved.

The official report, in part, of Captain Johnson, of the *Ohio*, is given below:

"There was a strong wind from the southeast, and the weather was very dirty. I went below at midnight and was relieved by Captain Snow, the pilot. Later I was called, as the storm was getting worse. The *Ohio* undoubtedly struck one of these pinnacled rocks which are being discovered from time to time in the Alaskan waters. There are many of these dangers to



navigation which are not chartered, and the only way in which they are brought to notice is under circumstances similar to this, when a good ship is wrecked."



## CHAPTER XIX.

CORDOVIA, VALDEZ, SEWARD, SEAL ROCKS, COOK'S IN-  
LET, MOUNT MCKINLEY.

IT was raining very hard when we landed at Cordovia. The wharf looked like a parade on which was being held a Goodyear rubber and umbrella picnic. Everybody had on gum coats, gum hats, rubber boots—many of the ladies had on rubber boots—rubber gloves and oiled umbrellas. I actually saw two bulldogs with mackintoshes on their backs, their ugly faces frowning at you from under celluloid eye shields and isinglass goggles. I asked one thoroughly insulated individual how long it had been raining. He replied, "Only two weeks, this time." I asked him if it rained all the time there that way. He replied, "No, it snows like hell, sometimes."

This town is having quite a little boom at this time, owing to the Guigenheim interest pushing the Copper River railroad to some valuable copper property one hundred and fifty miles up the Copper River. The town is built on moss beds, trunda and glacial moraines. The streets were full of slush and snow banks many feet high.

The gold fever is a peculiar disease—one in which a single attack does not bring with it immunity from

subsequent spells. In fact, when once contracted, it is very hard to make it let up at all. On our boat were two men over eighty years old, both "forty-niners," still seeking the "lucky strike," inveterate gamblers in life's pursuits, taking the loser's end with no regrets, but resolved to try again. They were going west to look for gold on the Aleutian Islands. Both were hale and happy and "sure to find it this time."

After remaining in Cordovia a number of hours, and unloading supplies and railroad laborers, the boat steamed off for Valdez, our next stop. This trip was made in a few hours.

Valdez is located at the head of Port Valdez, a beautiful fiord about twelve miles long. As the boat steams up this irresistibly enchanting bay the mountain peaks



*Cordovia. The ocean terminus of the Copper River Railroad.  
(Photo by J. E. T.)*

seem to be in pairs, methodically arranged, one lifting its marbleized spire into the sky, while its reflected companion dips its head to the very depths of the mercury-like coated bottom of the bay.

Valdez, the rival of Seward and the origin of a railroad of a few miles in extent, is the ocean end of the three hundred and eighty-six miles, Fairbanks trail. The town is built on a glacial deposited moraine at the head of Valdez Bay. The town, while showing evidence of some thrift, presented an appearance, in a general way, of decay. Many dilapidated and vacant store rooms marked the departure of merchants in all departments.

Valdez is our most northern Pacific port, and is the nearest to the pole of any port in the world, remaining unobstructed by ice the whole year. Here we unloaded our cargo of sheep. The poor brutes were a sorry looking lot. The owner was going to drive them across the mountains to Fairbanks, a distance of three hundred and eighty-six miles. I fear some poor mutton was delivered to the meat eaters of Fairbanks. Fort Lisicum, across Valdez Bay, is a two-company post, garrisoned by a portion of the Twenty-second United States Infantry under the command of Captain Stritzinger. This is a peaceable country, and I am at a loss to know how the soldiers pass their time in this lonely fort. I was told that the officers usually spent "steamer night" in Valdez, this being a night of balls and other festivities, especially the latter.



*A Copper River native. (Photo, by unknown.)*



From Valdez to Seward is a journey of eighteen hours. At Seward we took the *Dora* for Uyak. We staid in Seward thirty-six hours. I presume to help the hotels and restaurants, as I could see no reason why the *Dora* did not pull out the next morning after we arrived. We were only too glad to stay and visit with these good, kind-hearted people. While there we targeted our rifles and witnessed some marvelous trick rifle and pistol shooting by Mr. Hillis, one of the crack shots and big game hunters of the United States. Mr. King and Mr. Hillis were also on their way to Kodiak Island for a bear hunt.

As we approached the entrance to Resurrection Bay a rock projecting from the water presented the appearance of two giant elephants, belly deep in the surf, with their heads together, engaged in deadly conflict. This resemblance was made more real by a hole through the rock just under that portion of the rock resembling the heads of two elephants.

On May 5th, we landed at Seward on the north shore of Resurrection Bay. I do not know why this beautiful body of land-locked and smooth water should be named Resurrection Bay, as it is far from suggesting a burial site or a ship's graveyard. Paradise Harbor would have been a more appropriate name. It is here that one is quickly relieved of all sea sickness. The waters in this eighteen miles of placid seclusion, as your boat steams through the narrow and rock-guarded entrance to the bay, become so quiet that those on

board can easily imagine that the boat has dropped anchor or tied up to some quiet river wharf. This bay is the most beautiful body of water it has ever been my good fortune to look upon.

The snow capped peaks four thousand feet high that completely surround the bay as you look at them, interspersed with deep ravines filled with glaciers, reflected from the deep blue bay water, form a picture the like of which will not be found at any other place on earth. The water looks so smooth that one can easily imagine that the mermaids had just gone over its surface and polished it with the finest of finishing powder, and that the water nymphs had completed their work by giving it a French plate mirror reflecting surface. The picture cannot be described.

When the ocean is being tossed by storm and the billows are running high, a few of the more daring waves will venture into this bay, but their energy is quickly expended and no danger is ever inflicted by their faint endeavors.

The tide runs so high in Resurrection Bay that the gravelly beach near the wharf at low tide at Seward was made to act as a dry dock for the *Dora*, on our return, to save the boat from sinking on her arrival with her extra load of shipwrecked humanity and badly leaking hull.

Seward is truly a haven of rest. It is there that one must leave the larger boats of the Northwestern Steamship Company and take the little *Dora*, if he is going

farther west than Kodiak. After the trip across the "open ocean," for forty-eight hours, many are only too glad to get ashore and eat a meal without the table "dash-board" rubbing their wrists raw.

The trip along the shore reminds one very much of a malarial or relapsing fever. At each stopping place your ills intermit for the length of time you are at the wharf, only to relapse as soon as your boat makes a turn beyond the point into the open ocean.

From Seward, one may within a few days reach, on the main land, the sportsman's dreamland. There are many thousand square miles of unexplored territory, teeming with big game of all kinds found in Alaska: bear, moose, sheep, goat, caribou and many small fur bearing animals.

Seward and Valdez are bitter rivals, and this little



*Seward, on beautiful Resurrection Bay. (Photo by J. E. T.)*

story is told by a Sewardite, about the ladies of Valdez. When asked by Miss Gordon to a most delightful, little dinner party, I inquired if it were a full dress affair, and was informed that it was to be very informal, as the people of Seward liked to be home-like on all occasions—and I assure you that I found them the most hospitable people I have ever met—but that the ladies in wet and rainy Valdez took off their gum boots and put on their slippers on such occasions. Gum boots on all feet and all occasions at Valdez are the very essence of good judgment and propriety. It rains and then rains some more—when not snowing, at Valdez.

We left Seward at 6 A. M. on May 4th. As we steamed out into the Pacific from Resurrection Bay, I felt as if I were leaving a true, old friend and was to deal with a treacherous unknown.

We arrived at Homer—far from being poetical—at 8 A. M. on the 5th, after crossing Kachemak Bay from Seldovia. There is a coal mine here, but the coal is of a poor grade and a bad steam-making quality. While crossing the bay we saw many white whales. I tried my rifle on a few of them, but they paid no attention to my shots.

During the night of May 4th, the *Dora* stopped at Port Graham and Seldovia. After leaving Homer we steamed along the west coast of the bay, heading toward Cook's Inlet. We passed a number of active volcanoes. Illiamnia, twelve thousand feet high, is the largest, but St. Augustine, situated in the bay, is the most per-

fect and symmetrical volcanic cone in the world. It reminds one of a great, inverted morning glory, four thousand feet high and six miles across its base, its apex emitting steam that curls heavenward in the cold and crisp morning air like a great, climbing vine, the root of which is beyond the sky dome.

Two volcanic up-lifts a few miles from the entrance to Resurrection Bay are the homes of many sea lions. These ponderous missing links between mammal and fish attain prodigious size. Some of the old bulls weigh as much as two tons.

When within a few miles of these islands all on board the *Dora* appeared on deck to witness the sight of sights. Even those who from anticipating sea sickness had taken to their berths could not resist the desire to see real seal rocks and their hosts. It was indeed a grand and unique sight. The captain blew the whistle. It was the signal for the turning loose of a thousand of the most unearthly, discordant sounds to which I have ever listened.

The rocky benches for a hundred feet above the water were literally studded with these ungainly beasts. They were greatly alarmed and bewildered at the sound of the whistle and the sight of the little *Dora*, as she approached to within a half mile of their rookery. Many of them seemed to be panic stricken, confused and undecided what was best to do, while others made graceful head dives from great heights into the dashing surf below. The big, old bulls could be distinctly seen



towering above the lesser males and females, in the most defiant and aggressive attitudes possible for a monarch among sea lions to assume. All the while the terrific fog horn-like bellowing was kept up by those remaining on shore. We steamed by, leaving them in their seclusion and sea lion glory to await the approach of the *Dora*, for a little diversion a month later.

As we passed these volcanic island uplifts or remnants of towering mountains, their shelving sides,



*Scenery of enchanting beauty.*

ridge pole tops and over-hanging eaves reminded me of a densely populated pigeon roost or crow rookery. Thousands of gulls, sea parrots and birds unknown to me were perched in military rows of precision, and again in mob-like confusion, circled about the mast. A few, perchance, remained as if they were indifferent to our invasion, reminding one of museum specimens with their sphynx-like stoicism.

From Seward to Seldovia we saw a number of whales, mostly of the finback variety. A few hump-backs were seen at a distance of half a mile. The finback whale can be recognized by the shape of head and arching of back and by the difference in the shape of the back fin, as well as by the high, narrow spout that disappears so slowly. The humpback's spout is a low, bushy, quickly dissolving one.

Great flocks of sea birds will follow in the wake of whales, feeding on the refuse, herring and little shrimp, the food of the whales. These schools of shrimp when near the surface give the water a pinkish hue. On one of my Alaskan trips I had the rare opportunity of witnessing a terrific battle between a humpback whale and a "thrasher" whale, or possibly a "killer." I watched this battle between this Goliath and the David of the deep for an hour, as the steamer slowly moved past them. I could see the terrible engine-like plunges of the whale, in his despairing and frightened efforts to shake off his relentless enemy. He would throw his huge body completely out of the water, striking fran-

tically with his vast expanse of tail fins at his assailant. His antagonist, all the while, striking him from all sides. They were still fighting when last seen from a distance of five miles or more.

Shoals of dolphin would occasionally run races with the boat. Often one would get directly under the prow and act as though playing pilot.

Porpoises in herds frequently scampered about our boat, rolling, bounding out of the water, diving through waves and across the swells from the steamer. These mammals, like the dolphins, give birth to offspring and nurse and care for their young in a very tender and motherly way.

I have often wondered how whales communicate with each other while they are scattered over a large area of the ocean. If one makes a turn to the east or west the whole herd quickly follows him, as though some wireless message had passed from one to another. They are all following the same school of herring and these fish are moving in the same direction.

As we steamed across Cook's Inlet from Homer to Iliamna, we occasionally got a view of Mount McKinley and the active volcano, Redoubt, the former being the bone of contention between Dr. Frederick A. Cook and Edward Barrille. The later history is too familiar to all to bear repeating. Time and the efforts of others may yet disprove the claims of Dr. Cook in regard to his ascent of the mountain.

These frontiersmen of the upper cloud world in their

vast solitude present an enchantment that is irresistible on first view, and even now, though many thousand miles away, their grandeur haunts me in my fancies.

In the presence of these stupendous uplifts, towering thousands of feet into space, one is made to feel his utter insignificance and littleness. Here one sees altitudes in their true value, rising as these vast ranges do, from the very spot on which your boat is anchored, many thousand feet, within a few miles of the shore line. Mount McKinley, the crowning glory, the ice and snow-bound capping stone of the dome of our continent, with its apex lifted heavenward twenty thousand three hundred ninety feet, is only seventy-



*Seldovia. It was from this place Dr. F. A. Cook disembarked for his Mt. McKinley assault.*

five miles from tide water. What a view New Yorkers would have, if this mountain could be transported to within seventy-five miles of Battery Park!

'Tis one vast world of surface inhospitality, barren of inviting warmth and sociability,—one haughty frigid isolation, beautiful to behold in its stupendous magnitude and uninviting except to the most venturesome and adventurous. The beauty is not one of utility, yet hidden beneath the slowly moving glaciers and in the depths of the almost bottomless canons the purest of gold, copper and other precious metals are to be found in abundance. There is no protecting arm thrown around the prospector. Only a chilly hand greets him with the cold invitation to come and help himself at his peril. There are dangers, in many instances, not to be repulsed by puny man's bravest efforts.

One hears on these boats many startling stories of storms, shipwrecks and narrow escapes from drowning. You cannot find a half dozen men together, talking, but that within a few minutes, some one will tell about some friend of his losing his life when such and such a reef was struck, or when the *Saratoga* ran aground near Seldovia, or when the *Valencia* was lost. These harrowing stories naturally make one feel a little timorous, especially on a steamer with a broken rudder chain in a storm and fog near a dangerous reef.

I was told that there existed a shore line of three thousand miles along Alaska, without a buoy, light-



house or other signals of warning to passing boats. I noticed the well kept lawns, the freshly painted and homelike appearance of the British Columbia light-houses and the substantial appearance of the warning buoys, as well as the number of the same. I think that Uncle Sam would feel like apologizing to all tourists for the scarcity of our lighthouses and for the dingy beer keg like appearance of our floating buoys, along the inner passage of the Alaskan shore line.



## CHAPTER XX.

THE STEAMSHIP DORA. COOK'S INLET. KODIAK.  
UYAK. A SAIL ON THE EMILE TO FOX  
ISLAND.

THE Dora: Who has ever been northwest of Juneau or even along the inner passage south of Juneau that has not heard of the Dora with her many escapades! She is a little craft one hundred and twelve feet long, rigged with sails and equipped with a little vertical engine of about two hundred horse power. She is a remarkably seaworthy little boat, but some of her antics while under way, over a rough sea in a gale, remind one of a contortionist putting on his part of the show. One instant she is standing on end, rolling from side to side, the next she is headed downward as though she were making a high dive to the bottom of the ocean and the next she gives a side wobble like a canary bird taking a bath. All this time you are moderately busy with affairs of a purely personal character and wondering where you will drift and how long before you land, the kind of a bloater you would make—but why dwell on these improbable and disagreeable thoughts.

Two years ago this same Dora broke her propeller and drifted into the Pacific Ocean for eighty-two days, landing, finally, at Seattle, two thousand, five hundred

miles out of her course. Her captain told me that it made no difference how many summersaults she might turn; she always, like a cat, landed on her feet.

I have never met with a more courteous, accommodating, courageous, efficient and careful set of officers and crew than those on this little, faithful steamer, plying over the hidden and uncharted, dangerous reefs, rough swells, tide rips and treacherous waves of Cook's Inlet and the shores of the Kenai Peninsula, Kodiak Island, Shellikoff Strait and Aleutian Islands. This little boat, only one hundred and twelve feet long, makes this hazardous journey and return every thirty days. She has a little vertical boiler of about one hundred and fifty horse power, burning only about three tons of a poor grade steam making coal each twenty-four hours. She has a speed rate of about six miles per hour under a full head of steam in favorable wind and water, with an additional mile and a half when her reserve sail power is being used. She has a wooden hull and draft of about eleven feet. Her bottom is rather flat, which adds to her safety, but increases her powers as a high diver and aquatic contortionist. In fact, like a good man, "'Tis hard to keep her down," yet I believe that the final plunge is sure to be made at no distant day, unless she is completely overhauled in the repair docks. My deepest sympathy goes out to her brave crew on every voyage she makes and I only sincerely trust that my predictions and apprehensions may prove, in time, to be untrue and ungrounded.

On a white painted board on the upper deck of the Dora, some one signing the initials, "J. E. T." had written:

Here's to the ship of the sea so far,  
That has carried more furs in her hold,  
Than the price of Alaska, paid to the Czar,  
In ducats of silver and gold.

Here's to the ship of the northern sea,  
That has covered herself with glory,  
Whose name brings joy where'er she be—  
The name of the good ship, Dora.

We steamed across Cook's Inlet during the day, leaving Afognak Island to our right with Skellikoff Strait to the west of the island, then through Marmot Strait to Kodiak at 5 P. M. During the day we passed many whales and flocks of many hundred thousand whale birds feeding on whale refuse and crippled herring, injured by the whales' jaws.

Mr. Goss, the general manager of the Alaskan Coast Company, took us through the old Russian Bay warehouse. He showed us many bear skins, some of which were monsters. He has them on hand, but has no way of disposing of them, as the law prohibits the purchase or sale of the brown bear skins of Alaska.

On our out trip on the Dora, going from Seward to Uyak, we had favorable weather and much of our time was spent on the little deck. There were on board a number of the owners of salmon canning establish-

ments. Many of them were accompanied by their wives. They were a jolly lot, going into some isolated bay of Behring Sea to spend the summer with their husbands at the canneries.

We left Kodiak at 6 P. M. and arrived at Uyak, ninety miles west, on the 7th of May. It had been just twenty days from the time I left Kansas City till my arrival at Uyak, where we were met by Alf, the guide.

As the *Dora* pulled away from the wharf and turned her nose to the west, my new made friends crowded to the rail and bade me goodby, with a good, round cheer.

I really felt that I wanted to continue with them to the westward. What a charm the word "west" has to those seeking novelty and adventure of a pioneer



*As the Dora left Uyak my new friends bade me good bye.*



character. The eccentric recluse, Thoreau, was indeed a true lover of outdoor life and all that implies. He ever had a longing to go west. On one occasion, while in this mood, he wrote: "The sun is the original pioneer whom to follow. Every sunset inspires me with a desire to go to a west as distant and as far as the sun goes." Who has not, deep within himself, had this same desire? Our greatest tonic is to be found in the woods and mountains, and he who looks for this panacea, diligently, will find his health and vigor returning with the first dose.

"Time is but the stream I go fishing in."

"Idleness is often the most attractive and productive industry."

Two of our new made hunter acquaintances, Dr. Anderson and Mr. Williams, of Colorado, were still on board going west to hunt on Unamak Island.

Uyak is located at the base of a round top mountain foothill, jutting into Uyak Bay, just where it leaves Skellikoff Strait. At this place one hundred thousand cases of salmon are canned each year. Here we took leave of the Dora.

Alf met us at the wharf with his boat, the "Emile." We soon transferred our supplies to his boat. At the kind invitation of Mr. Davison, we took dinner with him and his good wife in their comfortable home near the salmon cannery. Mr. Davison has a beautiful Jersey cow and a few sheep. He keeps his sheep and lambs under sheds to keep the eagles from killing the

lambs. He does not consider sheep raising a profitable pursuit on Kodiak Island.

The little "Emile" was rigged for three sails and was a good sailor. We towed a small dory on all our sailing trips, to be used at low tide and at other times when we wanted to row across the bay or hunt the hair seals. A five hours' sail brought us to Fox Island, Alf's home.

To most people, the solitude on Alf's little St. Helena during the long, dreary, cold Alaskan winter nights would be nerve racking in the extreme, but not so with Alf. With the blood coursing through his veins like the slow current of a canal, with his lymphatic temperament, little does he let sentiment creep into his make-up. His pipes, foxes and traps are company to him. Little does he worry about solitude or seclusion.

Alf had as an assistant, "Moses," a half breed Aleut boy. "Mose" was a good worker, when in the notion and at meal time, and he usually felt well. He was good with the oars and had much endurance while climbing mountains.

If there is anything the world in general and the Aleuts in particular have against the memory of Stephen Gotloff, it is the fact that, in 1763, this explorer discovered Kodiak—at that time called Keniag—Island. The natives of the island were formerly called Keniagmuts, but they are now called Aleuts. The island is one mass of saw-toothed, snow-capped mountains, with precipitous sides, with narrow, moss covered, boggy valleys, unfit for cultivation, except in very limited

localities, and the range of vegetables it is possible to grow here is not very extensive.

It would have been far better to have let the natives keep possession of the island, in company with the brown bear, the foxes, eagles and land otters. The native, today,—as of old—is, with a few exceptions, filthy, uneducated and ugly in disposition, holding to his old customs, when possible. Contaminated by the diseases of the white race, he is fast dying off. His food supply will soon be gone, at the rate the salmon is being canned at many points on the island. The game will surely be exterminated. Agriculture, as a profitable pursuit is out of the question. There is no lumber, coal or iron to invite mining or manufacturing.



*Uyak. Four million cans of salmon are shipped from this place each year.*

In fact, when the many bays which are the gateways to the salmon hatching grounds have been seined and trapped of their migrating myriads of fishes so that even fish canning will cease to be profitable, then the white man with his Chinese and Burmese laborers will abandon this island and leave the poor native to his fate, like a stray steer, trying to gain a sustenance on the devastated hills, after ten thousand sheep have been driven across the ground.

The *Emile* was the only object in Alf's possession concerning which he ever used any expressions of appreciation as to its worth or value.

From Uyak, on the bay of the same name, we set sail on the *Emile* for Alf's island, seventeen miles up the bay. A good breeze was in our favor and this distance was soon made. Alf's island is a small body of sand spits and remnants of a mountain peak, about forty acres in extent, situated in Uyak Bay, the main land of Kodiak Island being about two miles away on either side. As we approached the island we were saluted by the barking and scolding of many blue foxes, standing on little knolls, or bobbing about from place to place, with the fur on their graceful little backs and plume-like tails standing on ends. Alf raises blue foxes for a livelihood. He has a comfortable little three roomed cottage, a chicken house and a storm cellar. The solitude of this isolation must be very depressing during the long Alaskan, bleak, cold nights and short hours of sunlight.

## CHAPTER XXI.

OFF FOR A BEAR HUNT. OUR FIRST BEAR. HAIR  
SEALS. SOME EXCITING SAILING EXPERIENCE.

AT 7 A. M., May 8th, we left Alf's place in the Emile with a good wind blowing down the bay. Snow soon began to fall and then rain at sea level, but it continued snowing up in the mountains. The snow line is down to within a thousand feet of the bay at this time of the year.

I saw many wild geese today. They are very small and gray in color with a white ring around their necks. The gulls are beginning to nest in vast numbers on small islands near Alf's island. I saw several mallard ducks feeding near their nesting place on Alf's island. They are very tame, permitting one to approach within a few paces of them. They lay about twelve eggs, beginning about May 1st. Occasionally, they remain in this locality all the year.

We continued to sail in the storm, going past Amock Island in Uyak Bay. This island is about seven miles long and two miles wide. Five miles farther down the bay we turned east into Sihar Bay and sailed up this bay for ten miles to our first camp. On our way up this bay the wind left us and we were compelled to resort to the oars, a slow way of navigating against the



receding tide. For hours we made practically no progress. We saw quite a number of hair seals today. Eagles along this bay are very numerous. Their snow white heads could be seen at a long distance, resembling balls of snow or full blown century plants in the leafless trees or barren rocks.

We anchored the *Emile* and erected our sleeping tent. We used the cabin of the *Emile* as a kitchen and dining room while at this camp. On the afternoon of our first day in camp, we were in front of the tent spying the surrounding mountains and discussing the probability of the bears having left their hibernating dens, when we saw a full grown Kodiak brown bear on top of a long, low mountain about three miles away, standing out in bold relief against the pure white back-ground, like a beautifully carved medallion. He looked to be only a mile away. A Kodiak brown bear discovered within a few hours after making our first camp! He was seemingly in no particular hurry. As he leisurely moved along, we could see how his vast size and weight would break through the snow crust, leaving a trail behind like that made by a huge log which had been dragged through the snow. He appeared to be looking for something to eat.

Our spirits were at the top notch, as the prospect for bear were flattering. It was too late to go after him at once. We retired with bear on the brain so heavily that our slumbers were disturbed by the

thoughts of the anticipated exciting bear killing of the next day.

Early the next morning (Do you know that "early" in Alaska, in May, begins about 2 A. M.?) we set out in the direction in which the bear had disappeared over the ridge, hoping to find him in his den. We rowed part of the way then climbed up the side of the mountain through snow two to five feet deep in the underbrush of alders, willows and low, scrubby cottonwoods.

After a two hours' climb, we found his track and followed his trail for two miles. As he was traveling in a direction to take us out of the country into another bay, we decided to abandon his trail.

On the return trip we saw fresh signs of bear and Alvord decided to hunt the mountain side. He soon ran on to a medium-sized bear. He was leisurely feed-



*Kodiak brown bears. (Photo. by J. E. T.)*

ing and occasionally he would stop to scratch his sides against some projecting rock or scrubby tree. When within one hundred yards of him, a well directed shoulder shot brought him down, but he managed to regain his feet and run into a patch of alders, where he fell dead, having shot through the large blood vessel leading from the heart. He had bled to death within the pleural cavity. None of the blood escaped from the skin wound.

We took actual measurements of this bear, and like the measurements of others secured on this trip, they are far less than those generally given by some hunters of these bears: Hind foot, eleven inches long; hind foot six inches across; front paw seven inches long; front foot six inches across; from nose to root of tail over back, seven feet; about arm, twenty-two inches; about forearm, eleven inches; thigh, twenty-seven inches; leg, sixteen inches; between eyes five and one-half inches; nose to eye eight inches; nose to ear seventeen inches; about root of nose seventeen inches; about head at eyes twenty-five inches; about head three inches back of eyes, twenty-nine inches; about butt of ears, thirty inches; between ears, nine inches; estimated weight, four hundred pounds.

This bear was very thin. In his stomach he had a few last year's berries and dried leaves that he had recently eaten.

On May 16th, the four of us climbed a high mountain north of the camp to visit a bear den of which Alf

knew the location. The bears were not at home. In fact, they had not used the cave during the winter. We later learned different.

This climb was a record breaker. In many places the snow was ten feet deep and in some a hundred. Our progress was very slow, as we could not use snow shoes at all. We walked on top of the snow bent underbrush as much as possible, but even then we were constantly breaking through the snow up to our armpits. In other places the snow was only two feet deep, with a thin crust on top, which made the walking very tiresome, as at each step the foot had to be raised to the top of the snow, only to let you down with a chug, just about the time you thought the crust would hold you for one more step.

We floundered about this way for hours, finally reaching what we thought to be the den, only to find it unoccupied. Time and again we waded icy cold glacial streams. In one place we walked on a snow covered glacier for a mile at an angle of about twenty degrees, each moment expecting to take a slide to the bottom, as we had no ice picks or ropes. We saw no fresh bear signs that day and only a few old tracks.

Mr. Hillis and Mr. King, who were hunting near us, later visited and found the bear den we looked for, but failed to locate. We had plowed through the snow neck deep right in front of the den, but owing to the snow having been disturbed by snow slides, we failed to find the entrance of the cave, or any evidence of the

bears' presence in the way of vent or breathing holes in the snow, or discolored snow where the bears had come out and lain in the snow. Little did we think of the fun that was so near us. King and Hillis visited this den three weeks later and found four large bears occupying it. The bears had just come out the day they found the den. All four of the bears were killed. One of them fell back into the den and had to be pulled out with ropes.

Had our party broken through the snow and fallen into that nest of bears, the historical animal training feat of Daniel in the lions' den would have paled into insignificance as compared to the quick work of our quartette.

Mr. Hillis and Mr. King failed to catch the Dora on



*The "Emile" in Sahar Bay.*



her return and final trip, hence, they were marooned on the island. One month later they hailed a passing boat and chartered it to take them across Cook's Inlet to Port Graham. They were six days going across. The usual time was six hours. They encountered a terrible storm and came near being shipwrecked. They secured five bears on this trip.

Judge Williams and Dr. Anderson, who traveled with us on the *Dora*, hunted on Unamak Island, farther west. They, too, were marooned, on account of the disaster to the *Dora*, and did not return until the first of August, having hailed a passing boat that took them up into Bering Sea before it returned them to Seattle. They were living on tea and hard tack when rescued. They had lost their boat and had just discovered some Aleut hunters, whom they had hired with their badarkas to make an effort to get some provisions or a boat from along the coast. While getting ready to start, they saw the smoke of a passing steamer, and hailing it, were taken on board.

The double-tracked, wide guaged bear trails about which so many have written, I have thus far failed to find. The trails seen on this trip were just such as one would expect a few bears of any species to make if they were not molested for years, on their way to the salmon streams, where they procure their food during the salmon running season. These streams are practically fishless except during the salmon runs of June, July and August.

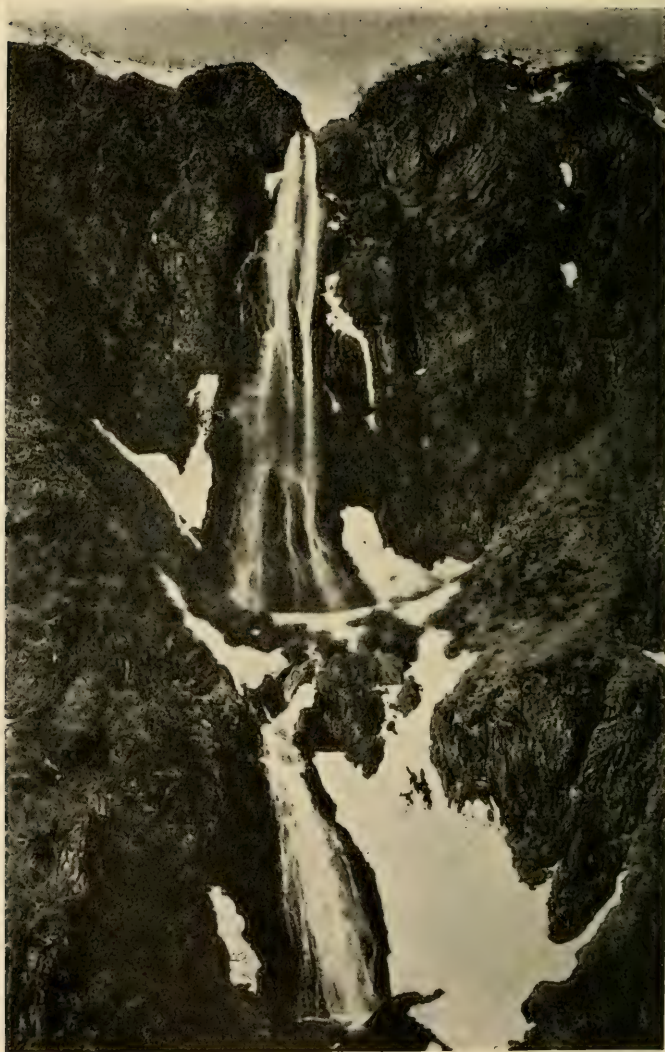
One must be prepared for almost any kind of weather here on short notice. One moment it is raining, the next the sun is shining and in an instant it is snowing, accompanied by a terrific, biting cold wind, the Alaska "wooley." Be prepared for all of these, as you are sure to meet them daily and are almost equally certain not to have the things you want when they are needed most.

On several occasions while the tide was in near our camp, we rowed out to some small projecting rocks that are favorite fishing grounds for the hair seals. The graceful—in the water—little fellows swim about the rocks occasionally sticking their bulldog-like stumpy noses above the water to get a breath and to see what is going on above water.

We succeeded in getting two nice hair seal skins on this trip. I think this is about the only thing, dead or alive, of which the Aleuts are not fond. They eat them only when very hungry or when food is scarce.

After remaining in this camp a few days, we decided to move into that portion of the bay south of Alf's house. As we turned into Uyak Bay a regular hurricane was blowing, carrying the Emile up the bay at a rate equal to an ice yacht. The little boat fairly flew before the gale, jumping from one wave to trough and hurdling the next. Many glacial deposited rocks and hidden reefs were narrowly missed, as we sped up the bay against an outgoing tide.

It was getting too serious for even Alf, so he decided to turn into a little cove. In doing so, the bottom of



*Virginia waterfall.*

the boat grounded on a narrow sand spit and came near capsizing, but the next wave lifted the boat into deep and quiet water where we anchored until the storm subsided. Some people may be fascinated—mesmerized—so to speak, with the thrills of such a journey in a sail boat in a storm over unknown dangers, but to be frank, I do not, never did and I do not believe I could ever acquire the appetite. I prefer to take my chances on the hurricane deck of a bucking cayuse on a mountain side. Ones relatives can find his remains much more easily in the latter instance, besides his friends will admire the work of the embalmers more, should a calamity befall him.

May 15th, storming this morning, as usual. We go to bed by daylight at eleven o'clock P. M. and find on awakening at two A. M. that it is light enough to read a newspaper. One has much difficulty in telling when to go to bed and when to get up.

This morning the *Emile* is standing on a glacial boulder out in the bay. The tide in receding drifted the boat several yards in spite of her anchor. On examining the boat it was discovered that she had sprung a leak from pounding on the rock, but was soon cawked and the trouble stopped.

While hunting at the head of Uyak Bay, I saw one of the most graceful and harmonic waterfalls I have ever seen. From a height of three hundred feet this delicate band of water like a skein of the finest woven threads of silver, seemed to be hanging. The water



seemed so uniformly spread out and so little ruffled by its plunge that one could almost imagine that it was fastened at each end. I named this fall, "Virginia."

The tide recedes from the head of this bay fully five miles, leaving a flat, stinking muck, very unattractive, reminding one of the wreckage often seen along the shore of some of our large inland water courses after a flood. The little Emile was left high but not dry, as she settled in the mud where she wallowed all the time from the high winds, until the tide returned and floated her again.

The snow is melting some about the camp, but I can see the dry snow being tossed by the wind on the tops of the mountains like a column of white smoke. I saw many mosquitoes today. Some of them were actually perched on a snow bank just back of the barabara. These mosquitoes are about three times as large as our southern pest. I understand that the later crop of Alaskan mosquitoes is much smaller in size.

I have hunted grizzlies in British Columbia, Colorado and Wyoming and I found them with the same omnivorous appetites in each location. They must eat to live. If no fish is procurable they eat and thrive on roots, grasses and berries.

The Alaskan brown bear in season finds an abundance of salmon, and becomes very fat from eating them. He grows extra large because of his abundant food supply, and his fur is heavier and lighter in color because the winters are longer. These bears, when hungry, will



invade the barabaras and badarkas of the natives and steal the Aleuts' food during their absence. On one occasion, two Aleuts had their badarka filled with fish. They left it on the shore while they were hunting back in the mountains. On their return, they found that a mother bear with her two cubs had torn their skin boat to pieces and had devoured their fish. The bears escaped, and Alf, our guide, had to take his dory and convey the Indians across the bay to their camp and to their other boats.

Alvord and Mose took the dory and put out across the bay, while Alf and I climbed the mountain to the west of Uyak River to examine and photograph a waterfall. This fall I named "Virginia." We found no fresh traces of bear, but saw many old trails of the year before.

One peak at the head of the valley, that stood out prominently, I named Mount Hodges, in honor of my unfortunate hunting companion whom I had to leave in Seattle, owing to his severe illness.

While on this trip to visit the waterfall Alf showed me where he had killed two large bears and wounded a third. The three bears were together and very close to him when he first saw them. The wounded bear charged him and as he had used his last cartridge he took to a tree, but the tree was not strong enough to bear his weight with his head up, so he swung his feet up and head down and began holloing and striking at the bear with his knife. All the while the bear was trying

to get at him. Suddenly it became frightened and fled running square into a tree as he retreated. Alf skinned the dead bears and took the skins to his camp. This required three trips.

These bears, during the salmon running season will wade into the small streams and sit down in the water, facing down stream. The salmon running against the current run into this improvised trap and are slapped,



*Kodiak brown bear.*

so to speak, on to the sandy beach and the choice morsels (the belly) are devoured. The hump back salmon are the most prevalent in the streams emptying into Uyak Bay, July and August being the running season. These bears hibernate during the long winters, but are easily awakened at any time and are very lively when aroused, as many can testify who have run into them in their dens during this time. These bears are rather sociable, except during the rutting seasons. Several males, females and cubs have been known to hibernate together. The mother will often have cubs three years of age, with her, and at the same time, a cub only a few months old.

These bears, like all bears all over the world, are cowardly and will run away from man unless wounded and cornered, hard pressed or in defence of their young. They are powerful beasts. I know of no flesh eating animal possessing even half the strength of these big, brown bears.

One specimen we obtained on this trip had an arm measurement of thirty-two inches of bone and muscle, but not an ounce of fat. A number of Aleuts have been killed by these bears near where I hunted, but in every instance the bear had been wounded and followed into the brush, their method of assault being to maul and chew the victim. The terrible cutting powers of their five-inch claws backed up by their prodigious strength is all that is necessary to tear and kill any man with a single stroke.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### METHODS OF HUNTING KODIAK BEARS. A BEAR STORY.

WHILE camped at the head of Uyak Bay, I witnessed the mad rushes of a number of avalanches, and later saw the terrible effects produced on the mountain sides, valleys and the trees near their wake. The irresistible force gathered by these great masses of snow, ice and rock, as they rush down the mountain sides can hardly be realized unless one actually witnesses the lightening-like descent of one of these avalanches. Trees are uprooted or twisted to pieces as if they were toothpicks, whole sides of mountains of loose rock are hurled to the bottoms of ravines or perchance across wide expanses of level ground at the base of the mountain. Such a vacuum is created on either side of the trail of these avalanches that large trees are broken down and sucked into its wake. The noise is one of a great battle with the roar of artillery and the hissing of flying shells.

The vast ice fields of Alaska cover twenty thousand square miles, being confined mostly to the coastal range of mountains. It is here that the warm, moist air from the Japan current meets with conditions favorable to the formation of snow and rain both of which are necessary to the existence of glaciation.

These, pinnacled, sculptured, crevassed and majestic glaciers, along the vast shore line are being moved slowly by Nature's Titanic forces. In some instances they present an uninterrupted ice cliff three hundred feet high, with seven miles of unbroken sea front.

Melaspina glacier may be compared to a frozen sea with the mountain peak projections from its surface, as ice-bound islands.

The ends of these vast frozen rivers, projecting into the sea, present a beauty in colors indescribable. Here you have the variegated fire flashes of an Hungarian opal, the multi-colored iridescent sapphire, the sparkle of the diamond and the beautiful effect of a delicate mosaic wall, crowned by sculptured and chiseled pinnacles with majestic cathedral spires. Add to this picture an armada of icebergs drifting in military order



*The vast ice fields of Alaska cover twenty thousand square miles.*



with the receding tide, and the scene, once witnessed, can never be forgotten.

A wounded bear had killed a native near where we hunted the year before. The Aleut had wounded the bear, the animal taking refuge behind a large detached rock. The native crawled up on top of the rock to spy for the bear. As he peeped over the rock, the great bear rose up with one powerful sweep of his strong arm and long, sharp claws tore the native from buttock to head, killing him almost instantly. A brother of the Aleut killed the bear on the spot.

The Aleut method of hunting consists in paddling noiselessly along the shore in their badarkas, watching the mountain sides for bear. When a bear is discovered, they land and if the bear is not too far away, go after him. This is a lazy way to hunt, and many a bear escapes with his pelt unpunctured. The native will not climb very high for a bear, unless he is driven to it by extreme hunger. The Aleuts are poor hunters.

These bear skins are not what a pelage connoisseur would call handsome, yet there is a beauty about them from the point of size. The color varies from an almost pure black with silver-tipped hairs to a dirty dingy brown. Unless the trophy is secured soon after the bear leaves his winter quarters, the skin is liable to have large bare spots, as these bears begin to rub the fur off as soon as the weather gets too warm for them. Their summer coats are ugly and the skins are not worth bringing home.



*These badarkas are as graceful in the water as a duck.*

The hunting should be early in May and June. Some of the specimens will show the marks of fighting during the winter, while housed up with other bears. In some instances, as many as six or eight bears will hibernate in the same cave. Four were found by King and Hillis in the den that we failed to locate. That these bears are cannibals, is beyond question, as in several instances the battle ground has been converted into a banquet hall by the victor.

These bear trails come down from the higher slope of the mountains, where the bears spend the winters and sleep during the hot summer days as the pestilential flies and mosquitoes are not so plentiful on the higher places. The bears find the shadow places in the streams to fish. Even in the early spring after a severe

winter of snow and persistent spring rains, the river banks are literally strewn with the bones of the salmon killed by these bears the year before.

You cannot hunt these animals successfully with dogs. They are very much afraid of dogs. A ten pound rat terrier can stampede a half dozen of these bears and throw them into such a panic that they will not stop running as long as they can hear or smell their pursuer. The hunter cannot follow them fast enough on foot and the use of horses is impossible, hence, if your dog once gets the bears on the run, you will never see them again unless, perchance, you get a glimpse of them as they disappear over some distant range of the mountains. They refuse to "bay," unlike the black bear, and like the grizzly cannot climb a tree.

A true sportsman who is seeking a trophy of one of these bears would not think of using a trap or poisoning them. Only the market hunter or the hungry Aleuts would resort to such an unsportsmanlike procedure.

On all my hunting trips, I have endeavored to have the best of provisions consistent with the facilities for transporting the same. One must of necessity undergo more or less hardships in the way of exposure to bad weather and negotiating difficult and dangerous trails, hence good food and comfortable sleeping bags are indispensable to a successful and safe hunt. In Alaska, waterproof gum boots with low tops serve your purpose best in the way of foot wear. They should be a size too large, permitting an extra pair of woolen socks to

be worn. A light gum coat and waterproof hat will be a great comfort to you during the protracted rains on Kodiak Island. Canned goods are too heavy and contain too much water to be carried on these trips, yet a canned delicacy will serve a good purpose on special occasions.

Camping and hunting on Kodiak Island are not one round of pleasure and ease on a bed of roses. The ground is covered with moss two feet or more deep, saturated with ice water and super-charged with the most villianous, voracious and industrious mosquitoes with which I have ever come in contact. The brutes—they are really carnivorous animals—in Alaska are so bloodthirsty that they will tackle a red hot beef steak. They are so thick that you can see the hole where you throw a stick into the swarm.

The mosquitoes in this country will make the most sedate man active and combative. A preacher or a saint would take some chances on losing in order to give vent to his feelings in cuss words. I do not see why they are there in such myriads. Very few ever have a chance to taste human or other blood, yet they are as anxious to get at you as if they had been used to it and had been on a long fast. I believe that they bite man for the same reason that a bee stings him, because they are mad.

The bears on Kodiak Island end their long sleep about the 10th of May, but the exact time depends on the duration and severity of the winters and the snow fall.

If you go bear hunting, you must be prepared to await the bear's pleasure in the matter of awakening. To hear some talk, you would imagine that bears have a regular schedule on which to run, and that as spring approaches they count the days to come out.

One goes hunting, usually, because he desires a change from his daily routine of business and office affairs. If such are his desires, he will get what he is seeking if he hunts on Kodiak Island. New experiences and surprises await him on every side. He will be soaked in ice water most of the time. Food will be cooked by a dirty Aleut and served in the most unpalatable manner, he will be thrown down on rough, stony hillsides, jabbed by thorns, slapped in the face in the most uncereemonious manner by the underbrush. His legs are twisted by stepping into uneven and bottomless holes, his hands are lacerated and abraded by jagged rocks in unexpected places, he gets out of his sleeping bag at three A. M., tired from the pounding of the day before, pulls on half frozen clothing, washes in ice water at the brook, in the rain, brushes his hair with his hands and eats what is put before him. "O, you idiot!" he says to himself, "when I get home, I will stay there." but he won't. He will go again next year.

Each one took his turn at cooking, which is customary while on a hunting trip. I tried my hand at cooking beans. This effort was quite successful, but my corn cakes were not much appreciated by anyone but



myself. Some people have such unappreciative taste and such illiterate appetites!

High power field glasses are indispensable in hunting the Kodiak brown bear. An eight power binocular stereo is about the highest power that can be held steady enough to see to the best advantage. You get in a good position to command a broad scope of the country over which the bears are known to range at the time of the year in which you are hunting. If in the early spring, the bears are found ranging from high in the mountains in the snow to the edge of the willows and alders. If during the salmon run in June, they are along the water courses. The skins, during the latter part of June, are in poor condition, owing to the bare places where the fur has been rubbed off. Many of the bears are discovered from the camp by "spying."

The largest bear secured by us on this trip was discovered during the day from our camp, lying high up on the mountain side in a broad expanse of snow. A mere black speck was noticed at least five miles away. Frequently, during the day's spying, this little black spot was noticed and commented on, but decided to be a rock projecting from the snow. About seven o'clock, the glasses were focused on this inky spot on the broad sheet of pure white. Much to our surprise, it got up and began to walk deliberately down the mountain side in the snow, toward the feeding grounds. By the time we rowed across the bay, climbed the mountains, met

and killed him it was ten o'clock, yet light enough to shoot accurately.

You search the mountain sides and the ravines for hours with your glasses from some vantage point, until every rock, bunch of grass, hole in the ground or other objects are as familiar to you as the objects in your own front door yard. You notice every snow slide, break or rough place in the vast mountains of snow, observe whether the breaks in the snow run straight or in a zig-zag, tortuous course. The latter would indicate bear trails, as there are no other animals on Kodiak Island to make a trail. You can notice a good plain



*Aleuts. The man in the center is a chief of the Aleutian Indians.*

bear trail in soft snow on a sunny day, several miles, with the glasses used on this trip.

These bears, like all bears in cold climates, hibernate. When they come from their dens in the spring they are very thin. The largest one killed on this hunt weighed five hundred and seventeen pounds. He was very thin, but was pronounced by the guide to be a very large specimen. His measurements and weight were taken just where he fell and were very carefully made. After the skin was removed, he was cut into pieces by some Aleuts to whom we gave the carcass.

The following is the weight of each part as cut up by the Aleuts: Head twenty-six pounds; right ham fifty-five pounds; left ham fifty-three pounds; right shoulder fifty-two pounds; left shoulder fifty pounds; neck forty-five pounds; thorax sixty pounds; pelvis sixty-five pounds; intestines, liver and lungs fifty-five pounds; skin sixty pounds. This bear, if fat, would have weighed at least one thousand pounds.

When one of these bears is discovered from a distance, an experienced hunter is almost sure to get a shot at him. The animals have poor eye sight but a remarkable olfactory sense. It requires much experience and much tact to approach within gun shot, as the direction of the wind must be observed very carefully. Any little knoll, jutting rock or ravine may deflect the wind and carry your scent to the bear. When once scented, and the bear takes to his heels, you may just as well look for another bear, as that one will not stop running

until he has put many miles between hunter and hunted.

One day we watched a bear run on the side of a mountain for several miles. One moment he would run across an open grassy spot, enter a clump of alders, then disappear into a deep ravine, only to reappear on the opposite side, all the time keeping at about the same level on the mountain side. He was running "up wind." He had scented some Aleut hunters near the beach. Occasionally he would stop just an instant and look around, but quickly resume his flight.

You must travel through rapidly flowing glacial streams, over treacherous marshes, moss covered and soggy tundras and be tossed and thrown about by treacherous snow slides. Midday is hot and sultry, but as soon as the sun disappears behind the snow-clad peaks, the whole country is quickly converted into a cold storage plant, and you are, with your perspiration and wet clothing, quickly chilled through.

#### A LARGE BROWN BEAR.

You will hear many exaggerated as well as true stories about these great beasts: How some one saw and measured the tracks of a monster bear that measured twenty-three inches; or how a giant bear had been his own boss in a given locality for a number of years, all the natives being afraid to trap or hunt in his range.

One of the largest bear stories was told me by an old trapper near Seward. I was examining and admiring

an enormous spread of bear skin that nearly covered the whole of his barabara floor. He said, "I hope you don't call that a big skin. I will tell you about how I procured what you see and think is such a big skin:

There had been seen in the neighborhood of my shack on Bear Creek a bear so large that every trapper, hunter and Indian was afraid to tackle him. In fact, most of the natives had moved away from his range, horror-stricken. No one was willing to take a try-out with him. I knew bears were very fond of cornmeal mush, so I decided to bait him with mush and dynamite. I cooked up a sluice box full and put it along side of his trail near the river where he came daily to catch salmon. I built a blind up in a rocky ledge and fastened a rope ladder to it so I could pull it up after me.

I took my largest rifle, one afternoon, and hid myself in my blind to await the arrival of the bear. I had been there several hours and was growing very impatient and restless and had almost made up my mind that the bear was not coming, when to my surprise I saw what looked to be a tremendous prehistoric animal coming leisurely down the trail. When near the sluice box of mush, he paused, and I could see that the bear was going to help himself to the omelet of mush and dynamite. I never saw such quantities of provender stored away by any beast. He ate the whole of it and turned the sluice box over several times, looking for more. You know his sides protruded like those of a snake that had swallowed a toad. He was really a



comical sight and I imagined he regretted having eaten so much on an empty stomach. Well, I decided to try one shot at him, anyway, as I knew he could not climb to me. I took a steady and careful aim at his dynamite rotundity and I must have struck center, as I have never before or since seen such an explosion. It looked like blowing up the side of a mountain of cornmeal mush. I dropped my ladder and started to the cabin. I saw a shadow cross my path as though some dense cloud had drifted before the sun; then I heard a whist, as though some great bird of prey had swooped down upon me, and then I saw something light on a pine tree near me. I hurried to it, and what do you suppose it was? Why, it was a little piece of that bear's skin. That is the piece you see on the floor. Only a little patch of the skin of that bear was ever found. Won't you have another cup of coffee and some more mush?" I took the coffee. "All you have to say to the malamutes (Alaska dogs) is, 'Mush!' and they will get a move on themselves in a hurry."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### FOX FARMING.

THE rearing and domesticating of our fast disappearing wild animals is at this time receiving marked attention, not only from our government, but from many individuals. The problem is one fraught with many difficulties, the proper solution of which is of vital interest to the whole people, from many standpoints.

The successful rearing of a wild and timid animal in sufficient numbers for profitable commercial or other purposes requires much thoughtful study and the expenditure of much time and labor. It is in its infancy at the present, but a great future may safely be predicted for the enterprise from a commercial standpoint.

It takes patience, time, experience and a thorough knowledge of the natural traits and requirements of these animals in the untamed state, to rear them successfully in captivity. They must have that environment which is best suited to their maintenance and propagation. These problems are being quite successfully solved, as far as concerns the blue fox, two thousand miles out in the Pacific Ocean, by a Russian called Alf.

While hunting on Kodiak Island, in April and May, 1909, for the large Kodiak brown bear, I employed Alf



*Alf's St. Helena.*

as my guide. During this time I took occasion to learn all that was possible from him in regard to the almost unique enterprise of rearing blue foxes for the fur markets of the world.

I spent many hours observing the behavior of these beautiful, little, graceful foxes in their own homes, and the statements made in this article are not in the least fanciful or in any way faked utterances, as far as concerns the foxes on Alf's island.

The climate of Kodiak Island is especially suited to the requirements of this fox, and the food supply of salmon is abundant near by in the bay.

Uyak Bay is a narrow sheet of water cutting Kodiak Island almost in half. It is twenty-five miles long and from one half mile to six miles in width. Fifteen miles

from Shellikoff Strait there is a small island of about forty acres, located a mile from either shore. On this island Alf has his fox ranch, or kennels.

A few years ago the skin of the blue fox, owing to its beauty and scarcity, became very valuable, and now it is considered one of the most valuable of the fur bearing animals. Six years ago Alf secured from the United States this small island and began rearing blue foxes.

He started with six pairs of blue foxes, which he purchased at fifty dollars per pair, on Terenoff Island. He was eleven days transporting them on a sail boat to his island in Uyak Bay. On the journey one died, and during the first few weeks, six more escaped by swimming across the bay to the mainland of Kodiak Island, the distance of a mile. On this journey, while on the boat, they refused all food, but drank freely of water set before them.

As soon as they were given their liberty on the island, those remaining took kindly to their new quarters and would take their food when it was placed where they could get it after nightfall.

On arriving at Alf's island, we were received by a number of blue foxes, standing sentinel on various little knolls, all the time scolding and bobbing from place to place, with the fur on their graceful little backs and plume-like tails standing on end. Each male was stationed at the entrance to the den of a nursing female and her young.

Alf has tried to tame a number of these blue foxes. When very young they are very playful. They run, jump, roll over and scamper about like playful kittens, but as soon as they are about four months old, they begin to get timid, refuse to eat, stop growing, and unless given their freedom on the island they soon die. They will return to their accustomed feeding place when set free and thrive on their liberty and the same food that they starved on or refused to eat during captivity.

They are very intelligent and hard to trap. On one occasion a very large male went into a large box trap that was too short for him and the door of the trap fell on his tail. The season being wrong to save the pelt, he was turned loose on the island. He did not show himself for six months, always stealing his food during the night when no one was astir. It took Alf three years to devise some scheme to capture him, as he would never go near any suspicious looking box or trap-appearing device.

These foxes are often fed in the box that in the future is to become their last prison. This destroys any suspicion they might have of the trap and thus removes that precaution so characteristic of the fox, be he blue, red, black or gray. When the killing season arrives, which is about December or January, the food is placed in the boxes, as usual, but a trigger is now set and the dining room or pantry of the fox now becomes his prison and death chamber. It is here that he takes



the last step from the blue fox skin into a large neck-piece or hand muff for some society belle.

After the foxes are captured, they are killed by breaking their necks, which does no damage to the skins or fur at the same time kills them instantly.

The mating season is about the first of March and is very similar in all respects to the domestic dog. The period of gestation runs fifty-one days. During this state the female, assisted by the male, seeks a proper place to rear her young, giving preference to a ledge of rock that is dry and cool near a water course. The number of young in a litter varies from two to eight. If disturbed, or the den becomes too damp, the mother carries the young foxes in her mouth to a better den. Her motherly instinct is very pronounced and she will fight to her death, protecting her young.

This island abounds in bald eagles, and they are the young foxes most dangerous enemy. An eagle will sit for hours watching a fox den, and woe be to the fox that shows his form any distance beyond his front door.

They grow quite rapidly and are large enough to be killed for their pelts by the first of January. In fact, the fur is best at that time and the skins command the highest price.

At the end of the first year they have young. The young females are much more prolific than the older ones. A full grown, very fat, blue fox will weigh from twenty-five to thirty pounds. Some have no ears.

This seems to be a family inherited trait in a few blue foxes.

When the male carries food to the nursing mother, he makes a noise at the entrance to the den and she comes out and receives the morsel, but he does not dare to enter the den. The mother nurses the young about five months, but gives them food brought to her during that time. These foxes are great thieves, and will carry off articles that are of no use to them. They are not long sleepers, and are easily awakened and prowl



*The blue fox's worst enemy. (Photo. by J. E. T.)*

about both day and night. Red foxes are stronger, better fighters and kill the blue fox.

A remarkable sight may be observed on this island any day,—domestic fowls and blue foxes roaming about and eating within a few feet of each other. The foxes show no disposition to disturb the chickens unless driven to it by hunger. Mallard (wild) ducks were nesting within a few yards of a rocky ledge in which there were six female foxes with their young. They will sometimes eat gull eggs. The health of these semi-domesticated foxes is rarely affected. They are practically free from the usual diseases affecting dogs, such as mange and hydrophobia.

They like cold, dry weather and will gambol and romp like young puppies and travel great distances, but on hot, sultry days they will stretch themselves out in the most lazy positions, flat on their backs, their mouths open, panting, and will remain in that position for hours at a time, unless disturbed by the approach of suspected danger. They dislike, especially, damp and foggy days, as their heavy coats of fine fur soon become saturated. The tail becomes so heavy that it drags on the grass and underbrush, hence, they remain in their dens or other dry places during rainy days. Occasionally, in a fit of homesickness, they will swim across the narrow channel from one island to another, a distance of two hundred yards, and on one occasion several escaped to mainland by swimming a mile. At least, Alf never saw them again. They were either drowned or

made a safe landing on the mainland of Kodiak Island.

Sometimes Alf digs a trench three feet deep and eighteen feet long into a hillside at an angle for good drainage, and covers it over with rock to make it resemble the natural rocky ledge of their liking. Leaving an opening a foot square, from the main ditch, side trenches are dug five feet long. At the end of each he makes a conical enlargement. The prospective mother will go into this artificially made den and look it over carefully, and if the furnishings, size of the rooms, width of halls, height of ceiling, plumbing and lighting of this ground floor flat are in keeping with the ideas of a lying-in chamber or maternity home, she takes possession of it at once by standing guard at the entrance and claiming a squatter's homestead rights to the newly found apartments.

After the young foxes attain quite a size, they make many side burrows from the old tunnel and also make numerous new holes of exit and entrance. Bluff holes are preferred by the foxes near a water course or close to the high tide line.

The males will look after and feed several females during the early period of nursing the young foxes. However, as soon as the young are large enough for the mother to safely leave them she will also carry food to her young. The male stands guard while the female is away after food for herself and her young. He then, in turn, will bring food while she stands guard. The strongest males will whip off weaklings and take charge



*Alf, the guide and fox farmer.*

of the whole harum. On one occasion, Alf threw a stick at a female, accidentally killing her. She was the mother of eight young foxes. The male continued to feed the little, motherless creatures and raised every one of them. Foxes eat the heads, only, of fresh salmon while bears eat only the bodies. If a young fox should



stray from home and be picked up and returned to the wrong den, the mother of its adoption would quickly kill it and feed it to her own progeny. If foxes have plenty of good, fresh food, they will not steal and devour the young of other litters, but if the food is of poor quality and scarce they will raid other dens and devour their young or feed them to their own offspring.

A stranger, going too close to their dens or disturbing the surroundings very much may cause these very suspicious and watchful little fellows to move their young to a new and unoccupied den. This often being cold and damp, leads to the death of these very young foxes. The animals are disposed, if not killed or disturbed, to use the same den year after year for a maternity home.

For one hundred foxes, Alf puts up and dries fifteen thousand humpback salmon. These are caught in the bay near the island, and are split open, the heads cut off and the entrails thrown away. The salmon are dried, unsalted, on long scaffolds. They are then stored in a dry fish house and fed to the foxes. Alf feeds them about eight o'clock in the evening. The feeding place is near his house that they may get used to his presence. He has two or three places where the food is disturbed during the nursing period of the young, that the males may not have so far to carry the food to the mother while she is guarding her young.

The average price for blue fox skins of good quality is about thirty dollars. During the season just passed,

Alf marketed forty skins at an average of twenty-five dollars apiece. The red fox, at that time was selling for two dollars and fifty cents apiece, while the Arctic brought five dollars. The latter are often dyed black or the color of a blue fox and sold at the price of the blue fox.

The blue fox industry is carried on only in two or three places. Strange as it may seem, but nevertheless true, more new countries have been discovered, pioneered and settled by trappers and fur hunters than by any other class of explorers. The demand for fur garments began with man's first appearance, primarily as a necessity, and later as a mark of distinction in rank and wealth, and today as a whim of society's luxurious fashion ideas. This has increased the demand for expensive furs to such an extent that the fur bearing animal is becoming very rare. A recognition of this fact has brought about a new industry, namely, the rearing of these animals in captivity as a commercial pursuit.

The Hudson Bay Company that domineered the whole of British America for two centuries was a fur company.

The journey of Stephen Gottloff across the Pacific to Kodiak Island was in pursuit of the sea otter and seals. The pioneering of Kentucky was done by Boone as a hunter and trapper. The whole of the Mississippi River was first navigated by fur hunters and so it was with all new countries.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### RETURN TRIP BEGINS. SHIPWRECKED CREW AND FISHERMEN OF THE COLUMBIA ABOARD A BADLY LEAKING BOAT.

IN a reprint from year book of Department of Agriculture, 1907, by Wilfred H. Osgood, he says:

“Alaska is without a rival in respect to number and variety of bears. No fewer than thirteen kinds as recognized by recent mammalogists live in the territory. These, however, belong to only four general types and fall naturally into four groups, the brown bears, the grizzlies, the black and polar bears.

The brown bears are the most numerous and most important. Zoologically their relationships are with the Old World brown bears, rather than any American species. They are of huge size, being much larger than the grizzlies and all other bears except the polar bears and their own relatives of Kamchatka Island. Therefore the statement, often made, that they are the largest carnivorous animals in the world needs little, if any, qualifications.

They are confined almost exclusively to the coast region, ranging from Bering sea throughout the Alaska peninsula and some outlying islands and thence south

along the Pacific coast nearly or quite to British Columbia.

Many of the islands of the Alexander Archipelago are inhabited by them and also the nearby mainland.

Their color varies greatly, ranging from dark seal to buffy brown, the feet, legs and underparts usually being darker than the shoulders and back. Although the ends of the hairs are often paler than the base, the silver tipped effect of the grizzly is wanting.

The front claws are shorter, thicker and more abruptly curved than those of the grizzlies.

It is often said that the brown bears are less ferocious than the grizzlies, but evidence is conflicting. Cer-



*Bear skins secured near Seward, Alaska. (Photo. by Dr. Bauchman.)*

tainly they are more powerful and at close quarters are correspondingly dangerous.

They come out of hibernation early in the spring, usually in April. The varieties of brown bears as at present classified are as follows: "The Kodiak bear (*Ursus Middendorff*), the Alaskan Peninsula bear (*Ursus Dalli Gyas*), the Yakutat bear (*Ursus Dalli*), Sitka bear (*Ursus Sitkensis*) of Baranof Island, the Admiralty Island bear (*Ursus Kidderi*) of the Alaskan Peninsula. With the exception of the last three, which are smaller than the others and of uncertain relationship, all the brown bears are similar in general character and external appearance, varital distinctions being based mainly upon cranial characters obvious only to professional mammalogists."

He speaks of grizzlies as having similar traits to those of the grizzlies found in the United States.

I am not an expert mammalogist, but I am thoroughly convinced that the Kodiak brown bear (*Ursus Middendorff*) is a species of grizzly, modified by his surroundings, climate and food.

Two of the five bears killed on this trip had the silver-tipped grizzly hairs as distinctly as those seen on any Rocky Mountain grizzlies. One of these was a cub, the mother being the typical color of the brown bear. Their habits are the same as those of the grizzly of the Rockies, only changes brought about by environment being noticed.

On May 15th, three A. M. we started in the dory



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from Alf's place to the mouth of Brown's Creek, about seven miles down the bay. We passed Connell's mine on the way down. It was broad daylight, yet there was no evidence of sunlight. It was one vast spread of even, soft diffused dawn. The quietude was profound, as we glided down the bay. The lone watchman at the mine was not astir. This mine is not being worked at this time. The same old story, probably looking for a "pay streak" in Kansas City or New York. Along the shore, it being low tide, the clams were busy sending their little fountains of water from beneath the sandy beach, reminding one of a vast sprinkling pot in the hands of some mythological god, keeping the sands moist until the tide returned.

On the way down the bay, Alvord and I left the boat and climbed through a dense thicket of alders and deep snow up a long backbone of the mountain to a height of three thousand feet and crossed over into the valley of Brown's Creek. On our descent we had much difficulty in getting through the snow. It was impracticable to use snow shoes at any time on this hunting trip. We struck Brown's Creek about six miles above Uyak Bay. We saw some bear tracks in the snow, but they were two or three days old. After measuring some of these tracks, I can easily understand how a casual observer could be mistaken in the size of the bear's foot making them. A bear's track in the snow that today measures twelve by eight inches, may, if



*A Barabara, my Kodiak Island camp home.*

the snow is melting, measure eighteen by fourteen inches, tomorrow.

Alf and Mose took the boat down the bay and up Brown's Creek to intercept us and bring our launch and sleeping bags. This stream has a number of powerful waterfalls. We saw our first salmon in this stream

below a whirlpool. They were the silver salmon. As we were approaching the mouth of the creek on our return, much to our surprise we heard the blast from a steam whistle—one long blow, followed by a short one. We had made arrangements with Captain McMullen, of the *Dora*, to come up the bay after us on his return trip. We did not expect him to return until five days later.

There was no mistaking the whistle. It was that of the *Dora*, and the signal was the one agreed on. Every five minutes the boat's warning signal of approach was sounded on the other side of Amock Island, out of our view. We knew that unless we left Kodiak Island on this boat we would be there another full month, as the *Dora* is the only boat making that island, and then only once a month. Had we not caught this boat, there would have been no telling how long we would have remained, as subsequent events will explain.

We hurriedly got the boat from shore and such rowing I have never witnessed before nor since. I was delegated to fire the signal guns from the stern of the dory, while the oarsmen strained every muscle in the battle with the wind and tide, both of which were against us. As we rounded a point of rock jutting into the bay, we saw the *Dora* five miles away, coming into view at the farther end of Amock Island. She was slowly steaming toward us, but she could not go around the island and reach the main channel of travel, as there were a number of shallow places.

At first, I began firing my thirty-five and then the four hundred and five Winchester to attract the attention of the officers of the boat, but the wind was against us. I saw the boat slowly swinging about to retrace her course. Up to this time we had received no evidence from them that they had seen us or heard our signal. To say that we were feeling keenly disappointed would be to put it mildly. I was keeping up my signal fusillade, while Alvord was laughing all the time at my frantic efforts at giving full accent to my distress signal by waving, and incidentally wearing out, his new gum coat. In fact, I am sure I never laid so much stress on any of my signals as I did on that occasion.

At last I saw a faint column of white steam coming from the Dora's whistle. Would the sound ever arrive? It seemed an age before one whistle, a long blast, reached us. Had we been seen, or was it the Dora's language to pull out? I am not well versed in the steamboat vocabulary, and for all I know it might have been to go ahead under full steam. Then I heard three short toots, which Alf interpreted as "goodbye." It was right then that I felt like collapsing. The thought of having missed the boat by half a mile, and being forced to remain on the island for another full month with only one more bear to kill, to reach the limit of our license, was the "blow that almost killed father."

I learned, later, that this last signal was a joke per-

petrated by Captain McMullen. If he only knew how near he came to giving me heart failure, he would never do so again to anyone. Bless him! He not only waited for us, but towed us up to Alf's island and waited for us to go ashore and pack up and bring our baggage on board. I have never seen such a rapid throwing together of camp equipment, or such a quick packing of bear skulls and skins. We had five skins and skulls to pack in five barrels, as we shipped our trophies in brine.

In our race up the stream, I sometimes felt like turning the rifles on Alvord, as he persisted in laughing at my dead earnest, persistent and frantic waving of his gum coat, all the while telling me that I would have to buy him a new one. In addition to this, Alf stopped rowing just when I thought we needed him most, and in a most deliberate manner filled his pipe with the villainous "forty rod" tobacco—the kind that made me so deathly sick the day before—and in the most unconcerned way, lighted a slow match and began smoking, all the time the tide was drifting us away from the Dora.

As we approached the Dora, I could see that she was crowded with the most motley throng I had ever seen. At first, I thought we had mistaken the boat and that it was a fishing steamer on her way to some salmon cannery. On inquiry, I learned that the sailing vessel, Columbia, with the crew and one hundred and ninety-five fishermen, *en route* from San Francisco to Nush-



agak, had been wrecked on Unimak Island and that the *Dora* had picked them up. Mr. J. R. Nichols, superintendent of the Alaska Salmon Company, gave me a history of their terrible experience in this wreck.

The Steamship *Columbia*, fourteen hundred tons, net, of San Francisco, under care of Captain Cameron,—his son, I. Cameron, being first mate—Dr. Thrasher, surgeon, Mrs. Cameron, wife of the mate,—the only lady on board—sailed from San Francisco April 1st, bound for Nushagak, Alaska, where the Alaskan Salmon Company has large canneries. The weather was ideal up to the day of the storm. They were nearing Unimak Pass, leading into Bering Sea, when they ran into a terrible wind and snow storm. They stood under Unimak Island to get away from the storm. The wind



*Part of the Columbia's shipwrecked crew.*

shifted and began to blow a heavy gale in shore along with heaving swells. They dropped both anchors, but both failed to hold on the slate bottom, and the boat drifted in on some hidden reefs four hundred yards from shore. It was two A. M. when she struck. She began pounding badly at once, and soon broke the rudder. The Italians were panic stricken and crazed by fright. Many of them butted their heads against the wall of the ship and became ungovernable. Twelve of them stole one of the life boats and ran off with it to Scotch Cape Light House, several miles away, and reported that the ship and all on board were lost. Another bunch of this race tried to get off with another one of the life boats, but was prevented by the threatened use of firearms. The Japs were calm, obeyed orders and rendered much assistance in rescuing those on board.

All were saved, but endured much hardship and were living on one meal a day when the *Dora* rescued them. They were, indeed, as sorry a looking bunch as I ever saw together, Japs, Chinese, Burmese, Italians, Swedes and a few Americans,—an omelet of humanity, that I trust I will never have to travel with again. They were crowded into the hold of the *Dora*, on her decks and in the life boats. The *Dora* has only a life-boat capacity for fifty people. Yet she had on board two hundred and sixty. We could look down from the dining room into the hold of the boat and see the free from care Americans and foreigners playing cards, dom-

inoes and other games, could hear them talking in many languages, or singing songs, according to moods. One Irish boy would sing for hours, "H-a-r-r-i-g-a-n, spells Harrigan." Another of a lively turn was singing, —to me in sarcasm—"Life on the Ocean Waves." One love-sick youth was chanting, "Oh, for some one to love me!"

The Italians formed groups among themselves. Japs kept apart from the Chinese, while the good-natured free-going Irish and Americans might be seen mingling with all nationalities. The Italians were disposed to be panicky on all occasions and required close watching to keep them from becoming riotous. One poor fellow named, "Sharkey," who was on the wrecked boat, became insane and his maniacal cries could be heard at all hours of the day and night.

Thursday, May 20th, at three, A. M., the Dora pulled out of Port Graham. The sea was running very high and the little Dora, with her flat bottom and old type vertical boiler, her engine with only seventy-five revolutions per minute in the face of a head wind and incoming tide, could make only three miles per hour. I thought she cavorted on the going trip, but compared to the returning trip she was quite docile.

As soon as we struck Cook's Inlet, she began a series of cork screw and hen wallow movements, which I had not thought possible in any craft afloat. She kept this up all day and up to eleven o'clock at night, when she entered Resurrection Bay and tied up to the wharf at



*The Dora was beached as soon as her passengers were landed.*

Seward, the end of her journey. Everybody was ordered to disembark. I ate a good, hearty meal as soon as I got ashore. Almost everyone on board was deathly seasick on this five days' trip of the *Dora*.

The next morning, early, I went down to the landing to look after my baggage. I was much surprised to find the *Dora* lying high and dry where she had been beached at high tide during the night, to keep her from sinking at the wharf. Much to my horror, I learned that for three days she had been leaking nine feet in twenty hours and eight feet of water in her hold would sink her. The pumps had saved us by working day

and night. A nice situation to reflect upon, with two hundred and sixty on board! A leaking boat in rough water, with a life boat capacity of only fifty, and with two hundred and sixty aboard. Some one came near being drowned.

The Dora has neither wireless system nor submarine bells to give or receive signals of distress. Should she be so equipped, she has no sister ship to answer the signals or respond to her calls for succor. The heroism of the crew of this little craft on every trip she makes along the rock-lined and hidden reefs, of the unlighted, unsurveyed shore of the thousand miles of her cruise is not excelled by that of any crew on any boat in any waters of the world.

Thousands of dangerous points are passed on each trip in waters the roughness of which is not surpassed in any part of the globe. Especially is this true in the long, cold, stormy nights of the Arctic winters where night begins at 4 P. M. and dawn arrives at ten in the morning.

Captain Cameron is an old-time sailor. He told me he had been sailing forty-seven years without a mishap, until the Columbia was grounded and wrecked. His son was the mate of the unfortunate ship. Mrs. Cameron, junior, was the only woman on board the Columbia when the boat went on the rocks.

The keelson of the Dora resembled a piece of wood that had been hammered into pulp. I asked one of the officers how long since the battering took place.



He turned to one of his under officers and said, "Tom, did we do this the last trip, or the trip before the last?" It was an incident of such frequency that they had forgotten when and where the boat struck the last rock.

One would, on first thought, expect the climate of Kodiak Island to be like that of Greenland, but the Japanese current, with its warm waters and heated breath circling the island, robs it of much of its frigidity. It is situated as very few islands are, in the zone of severe winters, yet the temperature rarely goes ten degrees below zero.

The island is of volcanic origin and is one continuous body of volcanic cones, many of which are perfect and beautiful. The higher altitudes are barren, fissured and gnashed by the one-time glacial action.

There is a scant growth of cottonwood for the first six hundred feet, with a dense growth of alders and willows up to the fifteen hundred foot level. This appears to be the timber line on the island. Some of its peaks must attain an altitude of six thousand feet. One peak near Uyak Bay measured by aneroid over four thousand feet and others farther into the interior, I am sure, were at least two thousand feet higher. The higher peaks have perpetual snow.

The temperature was usually about fifty, during our stay on the island, yet there was a cold, damp penetration about this weather that drove the warm blood from the surface of the body and made one chill easily,

—a cold that heavy blankets failed to dispel. Only the dry air within the cook tent from the stove brought comfort.



## CHAPTER XXV.

### SOME THOUGHTS ON ALASKA, ITS RESOURCES, INHABITANTS, GAME LAWS. THE MOOSE COW HYBRID.

ALASKA is our last great frontier, unless we claim the frigid area about the north pole. Since the stars and stripes have been planted there by a native son of our country, I predict that we will have no trouble in getting volunteers to protect our interest up there.

When we speak of settlers in a new country it carries the thought of gardens, farms and stock raising, hence, one is lost for a word to apply to the early gold or rather precious metal seekers. We speak of the pioneers of Kentucky and Missouri as settlers, while the gold seekers of early California are mentioned as "Forty-niners."

Alaska is a vast country. People living a thousand miles apart speak of each other as neighbors. Think of Mrs. Jones, of New York, talking of Mrs. Smith, her neighbor, of Kansas City. The people of Alaska are freer from modern graft methods than are the inhabitants of any country I have ever visited. Their unassuming and free hospitality reminds one of the genuine southern article.

I did not find many who were seriously in love with



*Dutch Harbor. (Photo. by J. E. T.)*

the country, yet that everlasting spirit of adventure and pursuit prevails and binds many with its enchanting and luring thongs. The one ambition of all—"Strike it lucky and go out" (return to the states)—may well be written over the, "In love with Alaska" sign wherever you find it.

A remarkable sectional pride is manifested at each point I visited, each claiming to have the best weather in his district. A gentleman standing on the wharf at Cordovia was kicking about the special damp brand of weather that was being dished up to him. He was from the Yukon River district.—A scope of country over two thousand miles in length. I asked him about the weather over there. He replied, "Oh, of course, we sometimes have it from sixty to seventy degrees

below zero, but we do not notice it, as we have warm cabins and plenty of firewood."

Distances are measured only by the number of days it takes to travel them. The life and existence of the pioneers of any country are strenuous enough, but what the Alaskan must suffer is beyond conjecture. The loneliness of his surroundings, the barrenness of the landscape, the absence of almost all forms of life and the terrible strife for existence going on in every phase of life, be it flora, or fauna, is sufficient to make the least sentimental individual die of homesickness, yet you will find many people who will endorse the expression of one old "sour dough,"—old-time Alaskan—whom I met at Cordovia. He told me that he had lived in that far away country for twenty years. He related many of his hardships,—the narrow escapes from snow slides, harrowing experiences in madly rushing cataracts in unexplored rivers, terrible trials from hunger and suffering from cold. He was a Missourian. When I asked how anyone from the richest farming county in Missouri could be contented away from all that implies—fresh fruit, good green vegetables, mail and daily papers, he replied, very earnestly:

"Alaska used to be a devil of a good country until they began bringing in the papers and letters. Since then the country has all gone to hell."

He had just heard of a new strike up near Nome, and was taking the steamer from Cordovia to Seattle, fifteen hundred miles southeast to start northwest to



Nome, seventeen hundred miles. He was sure of striking it rich this time. So it goes, the lure of the gilded spoon continues to attract.

To speak of Alaska as an agricultural country is to perpetrate a huge joke on the vast domain of the United States recognized as good farming land. A few little garden spots are being cultivated, the variety of vegetables that will thrive being very limited. Kodiak Island has been especially extolled as a good cattle raising country. I was informed from a reliable source that the experimental farming and cattle growing on the island has proven to be unprofitable and has been abandoned.

There is very little left of the romantic or poetic make-up in the native Alaskan, the romantic or poetic being



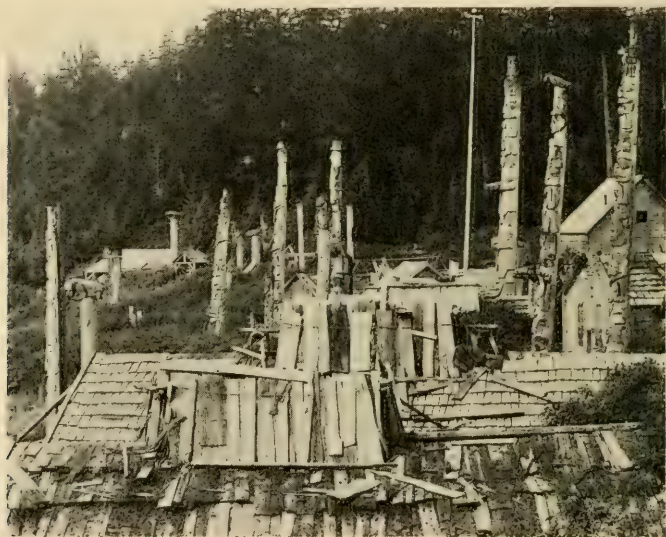
*An Alaskan garden at Seward.*

a marked feature of the make-up of our American Indians. Humidity, frigidity, fish diet, isolation and Alaskan mosquitoes are not likely to father romance or poetry. If you think so, I beg of you not to ask,—“show me.”

The mysterious poetry of the ancestral tree or totem pole, a custom of antiquity, is disappearing and the polished marble slab with the modernized inscription has come to supplant it.

When the boat landed at Juneau, an Alaskan Indian woman came on board; her husband had been legally murdered—justifiable homicide—near Cordovia, a few months before. She had traveled over a thousand miles to buy a marble tombstone for the dead husband of “Sitka Mary.”

The Russians, with their debauchery when they landed on the Aleutian Islands, soon disseminated all their lustful diseases among the natives, evidence of which is discernible in the little remnant of the few descendants left of this disappearing race. The Aleuts are good-natured in disposition, lazy to the extreme in their daily life, filthy in their habits and they are doomed to extinction, like all copper-colored natives where the white man invades his domain. He is medium in stature, an expert in his badarka, a cowardly hunter and a poor marksman. The barabaras, or Aleut houses, are not models of architectural beauty, but they are warm and dry,—two very important items in the matter of comfort to a hunter on rainy,



*Ancestral trees or Totem Poles.*

cold Kodiak Island. They are lined with small cottonwood poles set on end and roofed over with the same, then covered with earth to the depth of two feet or more. Many of them contain a Turkish bath annex.

The bidarkas or kayaks are the native hunting boats. They are by far the most graceful boats I have ever seen on the water. They glide along as smoothly and noiselessly on the surface of the water as a duck. They are easily paddled and are very light. A three hatch boat is easily carried by one man. They are made of an alder frame over which is stretched the

skins of the hair seal, hair side out. They are strong and durable.

The game law of Alaska at this time is a farce. It does not protect the big game from the ruthless slaughter by the natives and worse, by the prospectors who, under the guise of a gold pan, kill deer, moose and caribou for the market. It is true that it limits the number of trophies shipped by the real sportsman and restricts the number of hunters going to Alaska, yet the average pot hunter may continue to kill at his pleasure.

Before you are permitted to hunt in Alaska, you must procure a hunting license, and if you are going to hunt on the Kenai Peninsula a licensed guide must accompany you. The guide's salary is ten dollars per day.

Hunting license for Alaska, for the year 1909:

"Under the provisions of section five of an act of Congress entitled, An Act for the protection of game in Alaska and for other purposes, approved May 11th, 1908.

Dr. A. H. Cordier, residing at Kansas City, Missouri, a citizen of the United States, having paid the sum of fifty dollars, is hereby licensed to hunt game in Alaska according to the provisions of the above entitled act. This license is not transferable and shall be valid only during the calendar year 1909, and authorizes the shipment by the holder hereof of four deer, three mountain

sheep, three goats, three brown bears, two moose, (if killed north of sixty-two degrees) and three caribou, killed anywhere except on Kenai Peninsula, upon presentation of this license to the collector or Deputy Collector of Customs for Alaska, at Juneau, Alaska.

This 25th day of April, 1909.

(Signed) W. B. HOGGATT,  
Governor of Alaska."

Seattle, Wash. April 29, 1909.

To the Customs Officials and United States Marshals,  
First and Third Divisions of Alaska.

Sirs:

The bearer, Dr. A. H. Cordier, of Kansas City, comes to me highly recommended, and I take pleasure in commending him to your consideration during his visit to Alaska. Any courtesies shown to him will be appreciated by Dr. Cordier and myself.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) W. B. HOGGATT,  
Governor of Alaska.





*Malamute.*

This Malamute was the leader of the winning team in the thousand mile sled handicap race across Alaska, last winter. Some one said "mush" to him, just as I pressed the button, hence the blurring of the picture.

On returning with hunting trophies at the first port where there is located a customs office, the hunter must declare that he has not purchased the trophy, that it belongs to him and that the provision of the game law has not been violated. On arriving at Seattle, a customs official overhauls your specimens and gives you clearance papers.

There are twenty thousand reindeer in Alaska and the herd is increasing rapidly. In the patch of alders near my barabara, I heard, one day, what I thought to be a familiar sound. It proved to be a little nuthatch. He had modified his habits to suit his surroundings and was industriously scratching among the leaves for food. I presume he misses the rough bark oak, walnut and other southern trees where he is wont to search for his breakfast. I was glad to see and make a visit with the little fellow.

I was very much disappointed in the number of shore birds seen on the beach of Kodiak Island. I saw a few mallard, teal, widgeon and pin tail ducks, some Wilson snipe, a few geese, peculiar to that country, and several kinds of sea gulls. I was much interested in witnessing the gulls feeding on clams that are so plentiful on the shores of this island. At low tide great flocks of these birds congregate at the water's edge to feed on the clams and other mollusks.

When a gull secured a clam, he would fly to a nearby rocky shore and from a height of twenty feet drop the clam down on the rocks to break the shell. If his first attempt was a failure, he would rise a little higher next time before he dropped it. If the shell was fractured, he quickly swallowed the clam. If this effort failed, he tried again or returned to the clam bed to get another and less hard shell. I saw one gull drop the same clam eight times, finally giving up the job as a failure. I was told that the ravens, crows and mag-

pies will resort to the same method to break the clam shells. If this is not reasoning, what is it?

Our old Colorado and Wyoming, white and black magpie is to be found here with his thieving propensities. However, he sees so little of mankind and his equipment that he is more shy than his states cousins. It is truly a country of a battle for existence so strenuous that no living creature can afford to take any chances of losing. Nature has so decreed it. All birds and animals are more shy and alert than in a warmer climate.

The Aleuts look forward to two feast dates. One when the silver salmon begins his run in June and when the gulls begin to lay, about the last of May. Myriads of these birds congregate along the shores of Alaska in May. Their favorite nesting places are on the top or shelving sides of small islands. It was a mystery to me how any gull could tell the location of her nest in the midst of the many thousand bunched together on these islands. Gulls lay from three to five eggs. The eggs are fairly palatable to the taste of a white man longing for fresh eggs. The natives prize them very highly.

The new Alaskans with their desire to have the same comforts and live as they did in the states are ever on the alert to grasp any new ideas with a trend to their betterment. Our government is assisting and encouraging this effort. However, many of Uncle Sam's endeavors have not been attended with marked success.

The experimental stock farm, I understand, has been voted a failure. Burbank's idea of blending fruits and vegetables has been tried along the lines of animal adaptability to the climate of Alaska, so I was told. I do not vouch for the authenticity of this statement; it was told to me by an old "sour dough," about as follows:

"You know our Uncle Sam tried to raise in Alaska a number of fine haired, thin skinned, meek eyed, confiding Jersey cows. Well, the first Yukon blizzard that took a peep over the coastal range of mountains picked these unsophisticated free givers out with its eyes shut and placed them in the Alaska cold storage plant. This discouraged "Uncle" so he abandoned the dairy scheme in Alaska. It was then I decided to extend the Burbank idea to the animal kingdom by trying to blend the domestic cow with the Alaskan moose. I succeeded in a measure, but the blend was not a true one, as the creature reminded me of a peach graft on a white oak tree, each living on the other. The cow side was the left side, while the right side was entirely moose. It was the most comical looking creature I ever saw. In the early spring the moose horns dropped off. The moose half was a male, while the cow half kept her horn. When the cow wanted to graze the moose would persist in browsing on the underbrush. It annoyed the cow very much when the moose began rubbing the velvet off his horns, and frightened her nearly to death when the moose would plunge headlong

into some raging torrent and stick his side of the head under water to feed on lily pads. As fall of the year approached, the moose's instinct to fight other moose in his battles to win the admiration of the Mrs. Mooses near my cabin usually resulted in the cow getting badly hooked and otherwise injured. Every night the moose would start on his usual love-making tours. Of course, this was of very little interest to the cow. In fact, his antics bored her badly. His legs were very much longer than the cows. Try as he would, he could never run away as his long legs traveled faster than the cow's and his detours usually resulted in the combination walking in a circle. *It* usually completed the circle each morning just at milking time. This is where the cow got even."

"Won't you take a little more of the butterine?"

We remained in Seward several days, waiting for the boat to take us to Seattle. The steamship Northwestern, the boat on which we returned is a well equipped, comfortable boat. Our return trip was not marked by any incident of special importance.

We had been gone several weeks, had some narrow escapes from drowning, some hardships had been endured and we returned with five fine Kodiak brown bear skins, well satisfied and amply repaid for all we had endured.





HUNTING THE JAVELINA ALONG THE  
RIO GRANDE IN TEXAS

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### HUNTING THE JAVELINA ALONG THE RIO GRANDE IN TEXAS.

ACCEPTING an invitation from my friend, George D. Ford, of Kansas City, Missouri, to accompany him to his ranch in Southwest Texas, on a hunting trip, we left for Cactus, December 6th, 1910. In the party were my old friend, H. P. Wright, and Mr. Foster, of Kansas City. Mr. Ford's ranch is composed of one hundred and fifty thousand acres all under a four wired, barbed fence. This ranch is located one hundred and fifty miles below San Antonio. When we arrived at the latter place where we were to change cars to another road, we learned that the train was eight hours late. Here we were met by "Tom" Coleman, of San Antonio, who ordered a special train of two coaches to take us on our journey. Mr. Coleman, known all over the Southwest as "Tom," is one of those big-hearted, wholesouled Texans who have, by their congeniality, made the state famous for the hospitality of its citizens. Tom has under wire about nine hundred miles of fence enclosing five hundred thousand acres of Southwestern Texas grazing land.

We were met at Cactus by some fence riders of the Callahan (Mr. Ford's) ranch, and our equipment and

selves were conveyed to the ranch house, ten miles from Cactus. To my surprise I found large houses with modern improvements, such as bath rooms and other conveniences. What strange surroundings to one who has been in the habit, while on hunting trips, of sleeping on the ground, in snow, rain and cold, to have nice brass beds, clean linen, a table and chairs to sit down in and a napkin at each china plate, and fresh cream and butter. Amid all these modern luxuries I could stand on the veranda, almost any day, and see jack rabbits, quails, wolves, and on several occasions, wild deer grazing in plain view of the ranch house. I doubt whether there exists in any other civilized country such an ideal game preserve.

Mr. Coleman came down the next day and brought his auto and remained with us during the hunt, making us his guests part of the time, at his beautiful ranch house thirty miles away.

Mr. Ford, known as "Uncle George," is one of the pioneer cattle men of the Southwest. His stories of early hardships, Indian scares and cattle roundups are very interesting, and would make a most readable book, if printed.

On my return from this hunt I was telling one of my friends that I was hunting in a pasture in Texas. He said:

"That was nice, as you could not get lost."

When I told him that this same pasture was sixty miles long, he was much surprised. In fact, I had

never hunted in any locality, except New Brunswick, where one could get lost so easily. Every mesquite tree, and each bunch of prickly pears or choya looks like the other.

This country evidently at one time formed a part of the Gulf of Mexico. It is one broad expanse of undulating country made up of sand, small round pebbles and cobble stones. The whole country is covered with bunches of prickly pears, choya, salt weeds, creosote



*The beautiful white tail deer of Texas.*



brush, occatilla, acacia, palo-verde, and organ pipe cacti, that grow in clusters or are sparsely scattered over the country. Cattle find an abundance of nutritious grasses in the open spots.

The mesquite is invaluable to the ranchman for fence post and fire wood, and occasionally the hunter, when pressed by javeline, finds this tree a safe retreat; and of this feature of javeline hunting many authentic cases were cited to me, while on this hunt.

The jack rabbits are a veritable nuisance on this ranch, as they are so numerous in some localities that they have practically eaten all the grass. While auto riding through the ranch on some of the boulevard-like *Cendaros*, I witnessed some fine running shots on these pests by Mr. Coleman. Going at forty miles an hour he rarely missed a jack rabbit, even though it was going faster than the automobile.

Rattlesnakes grow to an enormous size in this locality. We killed three in one day, one measuring over six feet. They are very ugly in disposition, as they showed fight, even before we saw them. In one locality they were especially plentiful.

Having been bitten by a Kansas prairie rattler a number of years ago, I am inclined to take a safe position when near this snake, hence, one night when we camped in a good snake locality, I slept in the rear seat of the automobile.

Coyotes celebrate by day as well as by night. Every day I heard them rehearsing their matinees.

We saw a number of bob-cats on this trip. One day while hunting the Gambel quail near the ranch, I shot a large bob-cat with number seven shot, knocking him down. But he got away by running through the cactus and mesquite.

The chuck wagon of old is found here with all of its picturesque, primitive frontier make-up. One could imagine himself surrounded by Spanish brigands or Mexican rurales, when camped at the chuck wagon with Juan Gonzales, as cook, with Jose Angel, range rider, with Martin Gomez, cowboy, and a host of other quietly-moving, soft-talking Mexicans as attendants. Finer barbecued meat I never tasted than the broiled venison cooked by Juan Gonzales, cook to the chuck wagon outfit.

On several occasions I saw the successful calling of the buck deer by a method never witnessed by me before; that is by "rattling." The rattler takes his position in a clump of trees in a locality known to be good for deer. This while the deer are running, or mating. With a pair of deer antlers he makes a noise like two bucks fighting by striking the horns together sharply and rattling the prongs together, as though two bucks were fighting. I saw one buck called to within thirty feet of the rattler. He came bounding over mesquite and cactus, with his hair all on ends with defiance, and determination pictured in his every movement and attitude. Hearing two bucks fighting, one morning early, I crawled up to within a hundred

yards of them. They were in a clump of underbrush, so that I could not see them, and I dared go no farther lest I frighten them. Three does and a year-old fawn were grazing near by in a little opening. Occasionally, they raised their heads and in an unconcerned way looked toward the two gladiators fighting for supremacy, near by, then continued to graze, as before. I waited for the third buck to come, but he never came. Had he arrived on the battle ground, he would have taken possession of the does and left the fighting bucks to settle their own troubles by themselves. On some occasions, some animals, by their actions, are almost human.

That the thorny nature of the underbrush and cactus is a protection to the smaller mammals and birds is easily proven by the vast number of jack rabbits, cotton tails and the many large bunches of Gambel quails and bobwhites. Even the deer are comparatively free from their worst enemy—the cougar—owing to this thorny, natural fortification. A mountain lion would have a hard time of it should he go bounding against any of these thorny plants, or perchance, light with his broad, rounded feet on a bunch of prickly pears, or on the terrible thorny choya. A deer, with his long, slender legs and hooved feet can jump over and light in little open spaces with his body above much of the thorny demons by which a panther would be wounded. Jack rabbits, on the open, level plains of Western Kansas, will when pursued, always

take to the most barren level ground, depending on the swiftness of their feet to distance pursuers, be they wolves or greyhounds.

In this cactus-grown country the jack rabbit's favorite bedding ground is underneath a little bunch of stunted mesquite in the comparatively open country. This permits him to see his enemy, the coyote, or bob cats and leopard cats, before they are within springing distance. However, as soon as he is disturbed, he makes for the nearest and thickest cactus bunches in sight and his pursuers quickly give up the chase in disappointment and disgust. A dog will not chase anything in this tangle of needles. An imported dog may try it one time. And I have even known one hunter who tried to hasten, but quickly found out his mistake, and for weeks afterward continued to pick spines from various parts of his anatomy.

Mocking birds abound here in these nonpoetic and unromantic surroundings. A favorite nesting place is in the triangle of three broad, flat leaves of the prickly pear. Nothing but a small winged bird could invade these homes. The dignified Gambel quail is found in great numbers, their favorite feeding ground being in the open cactus-bound places. They are very wild and do not, like their bob white cousins, hide and flush in a bunch, but depend on their swift running powers to carry them away from danger. In fact, they will not fly very far when you crowd them, as their instinct or reason has taught them that their safety largely depends

on keeping under the protecting, broad leaves and sticky limbs of the ever-present cactus and choyas. These birds are about the size of the northern bob white, but not as palatable.

For speed on foot and freakish habits, the road roller surpasses any bird I have ever seen. He is despised by the ranchmen as jays are by us. He is a great destroyer of other birds' nests, especially those of quails. One day I tried to run one down, or put him to wing. After chasing him for two hundred yards without even making him move a wing I gave up. I have since learned that they can outrun a horse. These birds belong to the cuckoo family, and are about the size and color of a camp thief, only a little less heavy-set and possessing a tail out of all proportion to the body.

The Javeline, collared Peccary, or Mexican hog, for his inches and weight, is beyond doubt the biggest idiot and the bravest animal living, and his power for inflicting damage on anything attacked is thoroughly established.

It was to hunt this wild pig that I made this trip into Southwest Texas. These animals are found along both banks of the Rio Grande, from its source to its mouth, especially in Texas and in Old Mexico. The hunting of the javeline is a sport in which not many of our hunters have indulged. I consider it one of the best of sports, as it presents phases of difficulties, hardships and dangers different in some respects from other hunting. For instance, they are found in the thickets



of iron wood, mesquite, creosote brush and cactus along the streams, making the hunting hard and painful owing to the density and thorny character of the underbrush; and there is a dash of danger attending the wounding of a peccary or the capturing of a young pig that is of real interest to the hunter, especially when the nearest tree is only four inches thick and ten feet



*"Chuck" wagon and Mexican fence riders.*

high, and every inch of all its branches is covered with thorns an inch or more in length.

These wild pigs frequently run in droves of from thirty to fifty. They subsist on grasses, roots and cactus. A crippled rabbit, a deer or a rattlesnake would not be ignored by a peccary when hungry. They vary in size from thirty to sixty-five pounds, and in height from twenty to twenty-eight inches, and in length from thirty-six to forty-four inches. In color they are almost black at a distance of fifty feet, but each hair has white spots on it about one-fourth of an inch long and about the same distance apart. This gives these animals a peculiar grayish color at a distance of a few feet. The hairs are thinly scattered, are very coarse, and in repose lie very flat on the skin, but excitement or rage causes them to stand up like the quills of a porcupine, the bristles being six or more inches in length. The javeline has a distinct white collar, or band, extending from about on a level with the notch in the sternum, or breast bone, over the shoulders, running backward and upward, crossing the spine about on a level with the upper ends of the scapula, or shoulder blade. These animals are ungainly looking brutes, with their long snout-like noses, narrow spine-like faces, long ears, heavy shoulders, tapering back to their little, narrow hips, slender legs, diminutive feet and no tails. All these peculiarities make the picture of a peccary. They have tusks in both upper and lower jaws, the lower being placed in front of the upper tusk,

but coming in contact with it like the blades of a pair of scissors. The tusks are perfectly straight, and measure from one and one-third to one and three-quarter inches. They give birth to from two to four pigs, once or twice in twelve months, having no special rutting season. They feed both by day and by night, but usually at night and in the early morning, lying in the shade during the heat of the day. They will attack a wolf, a horse or any other animal in the defense of their young, and will kill a dog in a few seconds, unless he runs away from them. It is this feature of peccary hunting that is especially dangerous. I refer to the hunting of them with dogs. If the dog is hard pressed by them he will run to his master, and that dog owner, if he is acquainted with the javelina courage, will take to the nearest tree, if he is hunting on foot, and if there is a large bunch of these pigs after his dog. They have the faculty of actually "treeing" men as a dog would a squirrel. The truthfulness of this statement may be verified in almost any locality where the javelina are plentiful.

Authorities differ in their opinions as to the ill temper and ferocity of these little pigs. For instance, Stone and Grame say:

"Whatever there may be in the stories of the fierceness of the South American peccaries, our species seems to be a harmless beast, preferring to escape by flight rather than turn upon its pursuer."



*Texas Javelina under an average sized Mesquite Tree.*

While Mr. Hornaday, one of our very best naturalists, states:

“An enraged peccary, athirst for blood, is to any one not armed with a rifle or a first rate spear a formidable antagonist.”

A puma, wolf, bob cat or ocelot would stand no show to get away with a young peccary, if once surrounded by a bunch of forty or fifty grown javelina. The

cutting powers of their strong tusks—if to this were added their bravery in the defence of their young—would more than out weigh the cunning and agility of the puma in his attack.

One habit possessed by the domestic hog, seemingly is wanting in this wild pig, namely: the disposition to wallow in the mud and water. Although the days were very warm at the time that I made this hunt, and several water holes existed in the vicinity of the haunts of the peccaries, I failed to find a single place where they had even waded or rolled in the mud. In fact, I am told they can go without water to drink for many days, especially when feeding on cactus, or other succulent provender.

Mr. Coleman related to me an instance where a fence rider had wounded a deer, and was following the trail of blood, when he ran on to a bunch of thirty or forty javelina, also following the bloody trail. The javelina turned on him. He climbed a mesquite tree to escape them, when to his horror, the peccaries camped on his trail and kept him up in the mesquite all night, but they departed after sunrise. During this hunt of mine, a hunter near the same ranch I was on, wounded a peccary. It began to squeal when seemingly every bunch of cactus liberated a javeline, which, in turn, made for him. He started for his horse one hundred yards away, but they crowded him so closely that he took to a mesquite sapling just in time to escape them. But his poor horse a few yards away was not so fortun-



ate, as they attacked him and cut his legs very badly, and would have killed him had he not broken his hitch strap and escaped them. The hunter remained up the tree for two or three hours, then descended and left in a hurry.

These pigs can be tamed, if captured early. They make nice little pets and become very affectionate to



*A Texas Javelina.*

their owners, but will show their ugly dispositions to any stranger who comes near to them, turning their bristles and, if provoked, attacking the intruder. In fact, I was told that they make very good yard guards, or watch hogs.

Dave Yarber was my hunting escort while hunting the javelina. Dave is a fence rider, and is thoroughly posted on the habits of these brutes and on their haunts. We hunted on foot, and I carried a rifle the first day, but decided to hunt with a shotgun loaded with buck-shot. We saw many signs of the pigs the first day, where they had been feeding and sleeping, but failed to find one. The next day we found a boar and a sow in a dense thicket. They jumped up within twenty feet of us. I shot at the boar as he disappeared in the dense underbrush. The sow paused just long enough for me to get a fair shot at her. She disappeared, causing me to think that I had missed her, but on looking about in the brush for a few yards, I found her badly wounded. Another shot quickly put an end to her. I made a photograph of her, where she fell. This picture shows a mesquite tree of about the average size of the full grown Texas mesquite. I saw many signs of javelina, but did not hunt them after killing this one. I took accurate measurements of this peccary. She weighed fifty-five pounds.

Height at shoulder, 23 inches.

Height at hips, 21 inches.

End of coccyx to nose, 36 inches.

Nose to center between eyes, 7 inches.

About nose at tusk, 9 inches.

About eyes, 17 inches.

About neck, 18 inches.

From nose between ears, 11 inches.

About head at ears, 20 inches.

Fore leg to body, 12 inches.

Hind leg to body, 13 inches.

About body back of legs, 28 inches.

About body front of hind legs, 24 inches.

Lower jaw, including teeth, 7 inches.

Length of bristles at shoulder, 6 inches.

Incisors, 4, upper jaw.

Rudimentary, 2, upper jaw.

Molars, 12, upper jaw.

Molars, 12, lower jaw.

Tusk, 2, upper jaw.

Tusk, 2, lower jaw.

These tusks are nearly straight, and are flattened on their surfaces. The upper tusk has a large tuberosity at its attachment to the maxilla, thus giving it great force and strength. The upper lip is divided by a split at the site of the tusk with a peculiar labial projection into the space between the first molar and the tusk. the space from the first molar to tusk being one and one-fourth inches. Length of tusk, one and one-half inches. Ten to twelve bristles above each eye, about four inches long. Eyes, dark brown. Distance between eyes two and one-half inches. Ears, five inches

long, on back surface. Three inches between ears. Seven inches from under side of jaw to center of the bridge of the nose. Four teats. Outer dew claw on both hind feet absent. About five inches from the tips of the coccyx in medium line there was a well marked enlargement that showed the location of the musk gland. This gland measured about five by three inches and weighed about four ounces. It had a duct that opened on the surface and emitted a pungent, strong odor. Its use is to me unknown.

I have thus given this lengthy description of this javelina's height and other measurements because I find so little written about this animal in any works at my command, on natural history.

Of all my hunting trips, this one to the Callahan and Coleman ranches was the most comfortable and enjoyable.

I have made many big game hunting trips over a wide scope of the North American continent, some of which are not mentioned in this book, although successful. I have always based the estimate of the success of any trip, not upon the number and variety of animals killed, but upon the grand scenery witnessed; upon the good fellowship of my companions; upon the glorious sunshine; upon the life-giving, pure air; upon the regenerated vigor and prolonged good health; and upon the knowledge gained of animals, birds and fishes of the country traversed to and from the hunting grounds. All of these and many other things make

big game hunting a most interesting pastime; makes one long for the time to arrive for another expedition; make him shrink from the thought of that period of life when, bowed with age, he will be unable to go again.

Thanks to the camera, he can then take down his picture record of his trips, and in his winter evening reveries go, again, to the hunting grounds of the past.

May that period in your life and mine, dear reader, be many years from today.

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Through the courtesy of my friend, Mr. Chalkley ("Chalk") M. Beeson, of Dodge City, Kansas, I am permitted to reproduce his realistic description of the buffalo hunt participated in by the noted Indian fighter, General Custer, the brave soldier, General Sheridan, the Grand Duke Alexis and the last of the great scouts, Honorable William F. Cody. This is the story as recited in a late issue of the Kansas Magazine (May, 1909):

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A ROYAL BUFFALO HUNT

By Chalkley M. Beeson.

THE Grand Duke Alexis, a younger brother of the then Czar of Russia, made a tour of the United States in the fall of 1870 and winter of 1871. The American government had not forgotten the cordial and timely support that Russia gave the Northern cause in the Civil War and no foreigner was ever more enthusiastically welcomed or more heartily entertained than was this scion of the Romanoffs.

Among other things the Grand Duke was a sportsman and he was anxious to have a shot at the big game that roamed the western prairies, and a trip was arranged for him. Generals Custer and Sheridan and William F. Cody, the famous scout, were with him. A special train was provided, for which, by the way, the Grand Duke paid out of his own pocket. A small army of servants accompanied it and it is said that no train that ever entered the Great American Desert was so thoroughly equipped with all that maketh glad the heart of man.

Their objective point was North Platte, Nebraska, where it was supposed that plenty of buffalo would be found. They were disappointed. In a day's hunt

they killed but two and gave it up in disgust and went on to Denver.

In those days, while the number of buffaloes on the plains was simply incalculable, almost beyond belief, nevertheless one might ride for days without seeing a head. They followed the weather. As a rule they grazed on the succulent buffalo grass near the streams, the North and South Platte and the Arkansas. Whenever a severe storm from the north arose they would drift south before it, sometimes crossing the entire distance from the Platte to the Arkansas, and then when the weather moderated would drift back again. So they came and went. And it required an accurate knowledge of the plains and weather to know where to find them.

In the early days the Indians camped along the Platte would burn a wide strip of prairie each side of the river thirty miles away. When the buffalo drifting would strike the burned ground they would turn back and this operated as a herd line to keep the winter food within certain limits.

When the Grand Duke's party came to Denver, I had been engaged to play for the grand ball that was given in his honor. I was living at Kit Carson on the Union Pacific, having crossed the plains in 1868. I was then returning from a trip south of Denver to collect some threshing bills where I had run a threshing outfit in the fall of 1869. Think of that, you old-timers running a threshing machine in Colorado in 1869!

I had been bragging to my acquaintances in Denver of the great herds of buffalo about Kit Carson, and General Custer heard of it and came to me when I was playing for the dance.

I told him what I knew and an expedition was immediately planned. Seventy-five cavalry horses, four six-mule teams and four ambulances were requisitioned from Fort Wallace, fifty miles from Kit Carson, and the Grand Duke's private train was run up to the nearest point, where the mule train met us. As the informant and with a thorough knowledge of the ground, I was taken along as a guide.

The Grand Duke had several Russians with him and there was a whole army of camp followers, servants as well as regular soldiers from the fort.

It was a question of saddle horses and I obtained an old favorite of mine, a black saddler from Pat Schandler, a noted old-time railroad contractor in that country.

The Grand Duke had been given a rather skittish horse and admiring my mount and learning that he was an old buffalo hunter asked me to exchange with him, which I gladly did.

General Custer was one of the most noted horsemen in the army. I have never seen a finer. He rode with the cavalry saddle, but as easily and gracefully as a born cowboy. He immediately demanded my horse, and mounting him proceeded to show off his horsemanship before the Grand Duke. Throwing the reins on



*Buffalo group; collected, mounted and photographed by Prof. L. L. Dyche, of University of Kansas.*



his neck he guided the almost unbroken horse in a circle by the pressure of his knees, and drawing both his revolvers fired with either hand, at a gallop, with as much accuracy as though he were standing on the ground. The Grand Duke, who had seen the Cossacks of the Ukraine, declared it was the finest exhibition of horsemanship he had ever seen, and applauded every shot.

General Custer was then in the prime of life, a gallant figure with his flowing hair and his almost foppish military dress. Fresh from the great fight on the Washita, with no premonition of the Rosebud darkening his life, he was the ideal cavalryman, and the idol of the Western army.

That morning, when the Grand Duke's train pulled in about daylight, we awakened him with the cowboys' salute and burned ammunition enough for a small battle. The camp train was fitted up and it made us cow-punchers sit up to see the stuff the commissary department carried. There was every kind of liquor champagne, all sorts of delicacies in the way of eatables, enough it looked to me, to feed an army, and all for one day's trip.

The Grand Duke, as I recall him, was then about thirty, tall, well set up, blonde, with a Van Dyke beard sparkling, frosty, blue eyes. He spoke English with a very slight accent, and was extremely affable to every one. Affable is the word, for despite his cour-

tesy, he never forgot, nor did you, that he was a great noble.

It was not exactly condescension, but you knew the minute you saw him that he did not belong to the common herd. The habit of command, the universal deference paid him, the easy way that he gave his orders and expected every one to wait on him was noticeable in that country and time the most democratic the world ever saw, where a scout was just as good a man as Phil Sheridan, and a cow-puncher was as good as his millionaire boss. So, easy as Alexis was in his ways, not even a cow-puncher would have thought of taking liberties with him.

The route lay south from the railroad and within five miles we struck a herd of thousands of buffaloes. The Grand Duke was delighted to see them. He had crossed the continent to get a shot at the great brutes and here were numbers beyond his dreams. When we sighted them we took advantage of a small sand hill, a sort of a hogback perhaps a half mile long. Custer who was in charge of the hunting party, stopped and said,

"Boys, here's a chance for a great victory over that bunch of red skins the other side of the hill. Major B., you will take charge of the right flank, I will attend to the left. General Sheridan and the infantry will follow direct over the hill. Ready! Charge!"

Away they went, Alexis in the lead. I recollect telling General Sheridan that the two soldiers who were

to ride with the Grand Duke and supply him with fresh loaded guns would have their hands full when that black horse of mine saw the buffalo. I stayed with the ambulances, having no horse, and when we reached the foot of the hill we left the ambulances and started to the top on foot. We were just reaching the top when we saw two or three wounded buffalo trying to get away. We started to get a shot at them and just then the whole crowd of hunters charged the hill from the opposite side, shooting at the buffalo. The bullets were dropping all around us and we "infantry" made tracks down the hill, trying to get out of range. Sheridan was too short in the legs to run and threw himself flat on the ground with his face in the buffalo grass to get out of range. I yelled to them to stop firing, but they were so excited that it looked for a little bit as though they would wipe out the entire command of "infantry."

Finally they stopped and when Sheridan got to his feet I think he was the maddest man I ever saw. On horseback his short legs did not show much and he was a fine, soldierly figure, but on foot with his long body, short legs and big waist measure he was far from impressive. But when he turned loose on that bunch he was impressive enough. There was only one man in the army who could equal him when it came to a certain kind of expletives and that was Custer, himself. I don't know what kind of language Pa Romanoff used to give Alexis when he got mad, but that slip of royalty

got a cussing from Phil Sheridan that day that I bet he never forgot. He didn't spare anybody in the bunch, not even Custer and the Grand Duke and he included all their kin folks direct and collateral.

It was a liberal education in profanity to hear him. The Grand Duke didn't seem to care, he was having the time of his life. My black saddler took him into the thick of the herd every time and his two soldiers kept handing him cool guns fresh loaded. He sure had a hunt that day. The hunt never stopped till over two hundred were killed. One calf that had been wounded ran past us foot soldiers and Sheridan shouted at me to grab it. I caught him by the tail and held him while Sheridan with his revolver put him out of his misery. Years after, in Virginia City, Nevada, I met the general again and recalled myself to him as the boy who held a buffalo by the tail while he killed it.

The six-mule teams followed the hunt and the butchers cut off and saved the humps. The buffalo hump is a curious provision of nature. It is mostly fat, very tender and delicious, even when the owner is an old bull. It was thought that it was a reserve supply of nourishment for their long marches, the animal living on this surplus fat in times of scarcity.

We loaded the Grand Duke's commissary car with buffalo humps that night and for all I know he took some of them back to St. Petersburg with him.

One old bull had been wounded and lay down pretty sick. The company with Alexis at the head rode up

and emptied their revolvers into him. One of the butchers, named Rudy, from Carson, wanted to distinguish himself before the Grand Duke and jumped off his horse and ran up to cut his throat and get his hump. I shouted to him to look out and just then the dead bull got up and started for Rudy. One of Rudy's legs was about four inches shorter than the other, but no sprinter on a cinder track ever made better time than Rudy did for his horse, with everybody shooting at the bull. Just as Rudy reached his horse, the bull dropped. The fact is that you might pump a lead mine into one of those old bulls and he would walk off with it unless you got a bullet into his heart, or into his back, just forward of his hind quarters. That finished him.

When we got back to camp we found that the servants and camp followers had started in to see what kind of grub the Russians ate, but more particularly to see what kind of stuff they drank. Everybody was drunk and happy. Champagne bottles, liquor bottles and every other kind of bottle littered the ground. That battle field showed more "dead ones" than the hunting ground did buffalo. Then it was Custer's turn. All that Sheridan had done that morning in the way of cussing was equalled and surpassed. I cannot pay his efforts a higher compliment than to say that when Custer got through with that bunch they were pretty near sober and that is some cussing.

In those days there was not much necessity for stalking the game. The motto was like Nelson's "Find the



game and go after him." But some strategy had to be used to get close to the herd. Then it was each fellow for himself. The hunter could ride into the herd and shoot as fast as he could, aiming to land a bullet in the heart if possible. It took a good horse to keep up with a buffalo. That is my experience. But in a herd like that was they could not run so fast. When the herd had been pursued as far as we cared to, or when we had meat enough, we stopped and then it took several hours to finish the cripples and gather the humps, tongues and other choice parts.

There was just enough danger in it to make it exciting. The biggest danger was the stumbling of your horse. If he happened to set his foot in a prairie dog hole and go over with you, you were liable to have trouble. A man on foot didn't stand much chance with a buffalo bull. The horses were mostly cow ponies thoroughly accustomed to hunting buffalo and could turn and swing quicker than a cat. Some of us used short carbines carrying heavy ball with six-shooters for close quarters. With a good horse you could drop your reins on his neck and use both hands. The pony would carry you into the herd and as fast as you dropped a buffalo he would range you along side of another one.

A few hours of that kind of sport sure gave a man an appetite, and when we finished and got the camp servants sober, we had a feast with nothing lacking to eat

or drink. In fact, Delmonico in that day could not have equalled the spread.

The Grand Duke's train pulled out that night. He got what he came so far for and went home thoroughly satisfied.

So far as I am able to learn I am the only survivor, except Buffalo Bill, of that hunt, unless the Grand Duke is still alive, which I do not know. He had a romantic history, later, I have heard. Married a commoner, some lady of low degree, was in disgrace with the family for a while and, I believe, left Russia for a time.

Custer was killed at the great battle of the Rosebud and Sheridan died in his bed.

Looking back, it hardly seems possible that so few years ago such a hunt could have taken place, when today the buffalo are numbered by a few score. The robe hunters and skinnners made short work of the millions that were on the plains when I crossed them.

It is a pity that we did not have a Roosevelt in power then, who would have awakened us to the crime of the useless slaughter of these magnificent animals. We wasted them without a thought, as we have wasted so many other of our natural resources.

I was a young man then, thirty-seven years ago, and I am not a very old one, now, at least I do not feel old, but in my short span I have seen this whole western country settled. I have seen the white face and the shorthorn take the place of the buffalo. Wheat and corn and alfalfa supplant the buffalo grass and there

are hundreds of prosperous towns and even cities on the very ground where I have killed buffalo and dodged Indians.

It was a wild country, a wild life and they were gallant men that lived it. All or most of them are gone. I feel sometimes as though I was "The last leaf on the tree."

But it is better, now, better all around. The buffalo, like the Indians, took up too much space. It took too many acres for him to live on and he had to give up to those who could do with less. I saw it coming and I am today fattening a hundred cattle on ground that then would hardly have supported one range steer.

The cowboy now carries a hammer and a pair of wire cutters instead of a six-shooter, and "Boot Hill" is a prosperous residence suburb of Dodge.

"The life of the Honorable C. M. Beeson, of Dodge City, Kansas, the author of this sketch, bridges the gap between the old and the new of the Great Plains.

Leaving his home in Iowa as a boy of twenty years, he has lived to see the Wild West supplanted by the civilized West. As he says, the white face and the short horn steer replace the buffalo, and wheat and corn and alfalfa supplant the buffalo grass.

For years he led an adventurous life, but he finally settled down at Dodge in the cattle business. As the old ranges were broken up he acquired land of his own

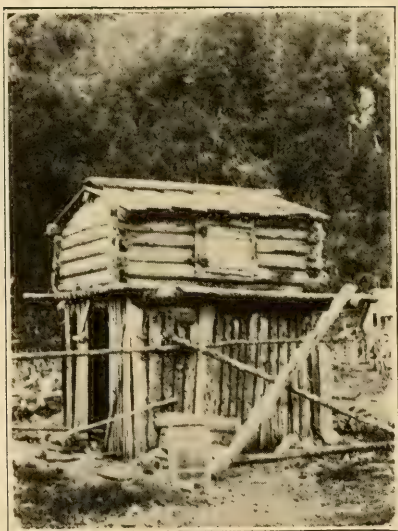
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and he is now one of the wealthy men of his community with a beautiful home just south of Dodge.

He was twice sheriff of Ford County in its stormy days and has the reputation of always getting the man he went after, although he had to bring him back in a coffin. Later he represented his county with distinguished ability in the Kansas legislature.

Adapting himself easily to the changing conditions, he has played his part with equal success in the stormy days of the frontier and the settled, prosperous present.

Through it all he has kept a great love for music. Always a fine violinist, he was the organizer of the celebrated Cowboy Band that played all over the country, and Beeson's orchestra of which two of his sons are members, is famous all over the West."



*Cache.*

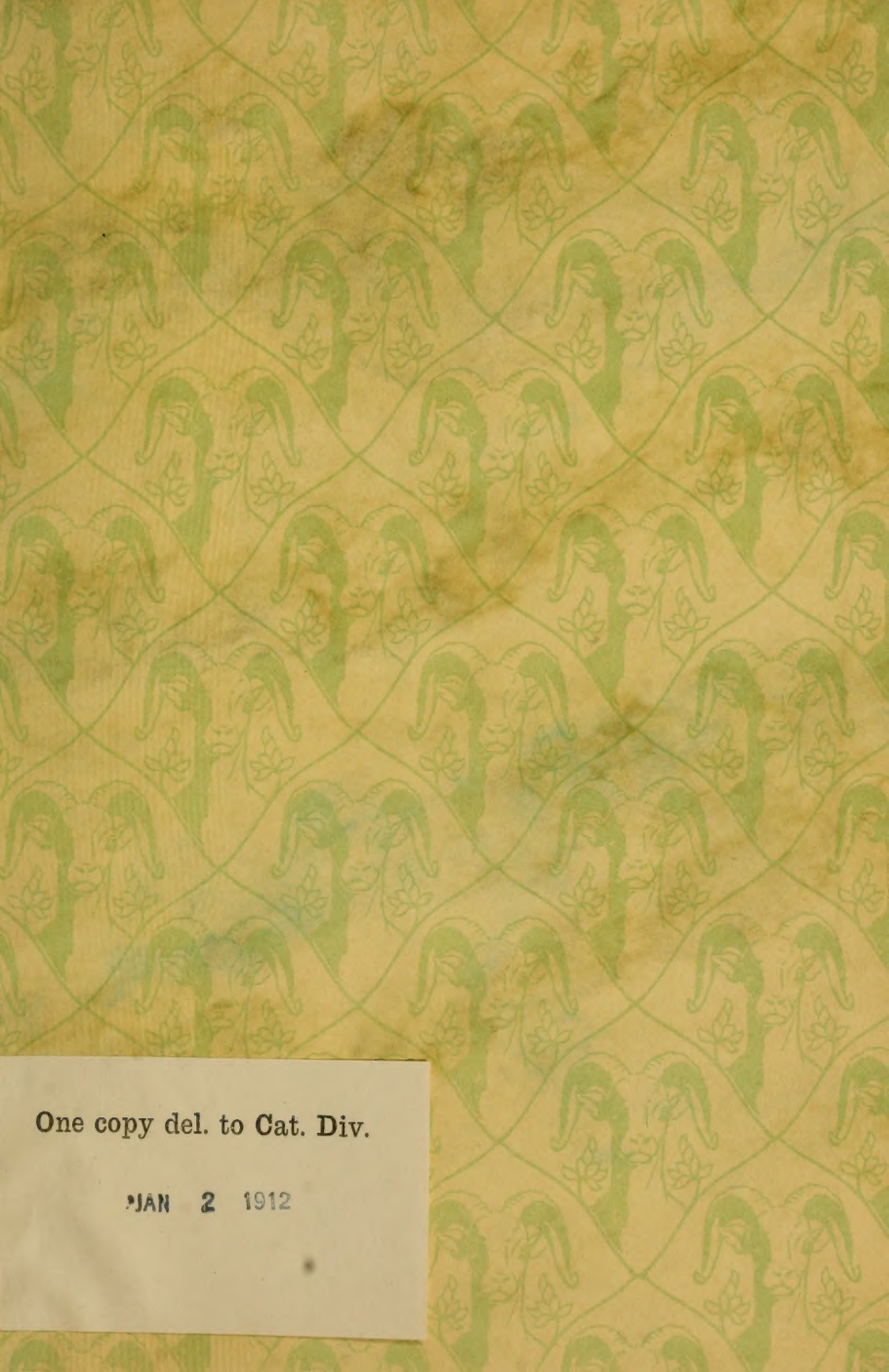




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